

THE WAR CRY.

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

27th Year. No 15.

WILLIAM BOOTH,
General.

TORONTO, JANUARY 7, 1911.

THOMAS B. COOMBS,
Commissioner.

Price 5 Cents

THE WORLD'S NEED

FOR THE COMING YEAR



CHRIST
AND
HUMANITY

"The whole head is sick, and the whole heart faint. From the sole of the foot even unto the head there is no soundness in it; but wounds and bruises, and putrefying sores: they have not been closed, neither bound up, neither mollified with ointment."—ISAIAH.

Great Physician is badly needed in this poor unhappy world.

[see page 7]



CUTLETS FROM CONTEMPORARIES

Transformations.

In an Army Home in Switzerland.

One of the latest cases was a woman drink-wit, whose husband, in despair of her reformation, had secured a divorce. She, however, was induced to enter The Army Home, and there she found a Power strong enough to break the chains of drink. When she had given full proof of her conversion, the man was invited to come and see her, and so delighted was he with the change that he suggested they should be married again!

On one occasion the Prefet of Bern was about to pass the twenty-fourth sentence upon a woman. Pausing and looking regretfully at her familiar face, he said: "I don't know what to do with you! What can I do to save you from this kind of life?"

"Sir," eagerly replied the woman, "Instead of sending me to prison, let me go to The Salvation Army!"

The telephone and The Army did the rest, and later on the Warden had reason to rejoice over another brand plucked from the burning.—The Deliverer.

What an Editor Thinks.

Of The S. A.'s Campaign Against Satan.
Says the Chicago Record's editorial:

"Habakkuk Muehlewrath passed away many years ago, and our omnipresent friend, the average man, would say of his opinion on Hell and damnation: 'Nobody believes that now.' But here is good, stiff doctrine briefly and emphatically set forth in Chicago:

"We believe in Hell, fire, and brimstone."

"We think the pendulum of God's justice swings as far Hellward as His mercy does Heavenward."

"The devil is still on the job and looking about for victims."

"The speaker was a Major in The Salvation Army, and he is not to be frightened by the most positive assertions of science or the 'higher criticism.' Niceties of translation from the Greek text do not disturb him at all. He cares not for the fray, and declares that The Army is out to fight the devil."

"Now, we may put any construction that pleases us on the terms used, but we know that in one sense or another The Army is actually fighting the devil and saving human beings from a hell. That is certain."

"The Salvationists are directing their work in fields where they are sadly needed. We see a division bent on the capture of human wrecks from whom many men and women would turn with disgust and loathing. We shall not say that there are no other saving agencies near, nor enter into the question of comparison."

The Praying League.

General Prayer: "O Lord, be pleased to graciously bless all who are in any trouble, sorrow, or bereavement, and especially need Thy grace and presence and help at this time."

Pray for a mighty revival of pure religion to sweep over the land during 1911.

2. Pray that this year may see a great advance in the onward march of missionary effort.

SUNDAY, Jan. 8.—Dove and Olive Leaf. Genesis vii.; 11-23; viii.; 1-19.

MONDAY, Jan. 9.—Rainbow of promise. Genesis viii.; 20-22; ix.; 1-16.

TUESDAY, Jan. 10.—Foreign Tongues and Why. Genesis ix.; 18-19.

WEDNESDAY, Jan. 11.—Abram. Leaves All. Genesis xi.; 1-12.

t've efficiency and waste. It is enough that the peculiar appeal made by The Army has its effect. It reaches people you can't get at in any other way.—American War Cry.

Tunes on a Bicycle Pump.

The Latest Discovery.

Beethoven on the bicycle pump may soon be a great attraction (says a correspondent in the Daily Mirror), for Mr. Henry Oliver, a Godalming man, has discovered that this cycling accessory possesses musical properties.

A student of sound waves, he was prompted to test the musical capacity of his bicycle pump by the whistling sound, so familiar to every cyclist, caused by the up and down movement of the plunger. "I knew," he told the correspondent, "that there was music in it."

He carried on experiments at odd times, and finally achieved success with an ordinary celluloid bicycle pump, and it was on this that he gave several selections. The length of the pump is 15 in., and it is played like a flute, which it resembles very nearly in tone, by means of a hole bored in the barrel about an inch from the end. It has a range of two octaves. There are no stops upon the barrel itself, the notes being produced and regulated entirely by the inward and outward movement of the pump-handle, as with a slide trombone.—Bandsman, Songster, and L. O.

An Old-World Legend.

With a Seasonable Lesson.

They say that when the Saviour lived in Nazareth as a boy with Mary His mother and Joseph the carpenter, He had a little garden—so the story runs—and in this garden He delighted to grow red roses.

The Boy Jesus watered His plants and shielded them from the sun, and was careful to keep them free from insects. His flowers were His great delight, and when the roses were all blooming He decided to give a wreath of the flowers to each of His friends. So one day He invited all His boy-playmates into the garden that they might pick the roses and make garlands for themselves with the red blossoms and the green leaves. But the boys were selfish and thoughtless. They began to pick the flowers, and did not stop until they had gathered every single rose in the garden.

At last all the trees were stripped, each of the lads had his hands full; but there was not one rose left for the Boy to whom they all belonged.

"But what will you do for yourself?" asked one of the lads, half laughing. "You cannot have a wreath

at all, for there is not a single rose left."

"There are no roses left," answered Jesus, "but you forget that there are still the thorns." And He gathered the thorns and made out of them a wreath, and put it on His head.

The boys all came out of the garden and trooped down the road, with their crowns of red roses, but Jesus wore the thorns, and where the roses should have been were little drops of blood instead.—The Y. P.

Tea-Cosy for a Hat!

Army Work Among African Natives.

Lieut-Colonel Smith is in charge of the whole native work, and pushes the young people's side of affairs with all his heart. Of course we got the boys and girls by scores in our meetings. On my last tour through Zululand I was held up by the floods, and took the opportunity of having some special Junior meetings. The children came through the pouring rain from miles around. I remember one boy arriving, the water streaming over him, leaving his skin black and shining. He had only a few beads around his waist, but to his great pride, a tea-cosy on his head! I wish I could have taken a snap shot of him."

"It is strange," went on the Brigadier, with a smile, "how much they think of head-dress. For instance, I have dedicated as many as four babies at one time. Some had scant clothes on, but each wore a cap, and they looked so queer with their great wide-open eyes, white caps, and black skins. When a Zulu native settlement quite lately I was asked to dedicate the baby of two soldiers from an outpost. The parents had actually walked in twelve miles, carrying the child. It had meant an absence of two days from their kraal, but they went off triumphantly together, with a few other comrades who had accompanied them."

The Little Things.

And What God Needs.

God has no end of material
For poets, priests, and kings;
But what He needs is volunteers
To do the little things.

There are many men who are ready
To lead in battle and strife;
But very few are willing to do
The little things of life.

The "widow's mite" was a little thing
From a money point of view;
But He who reads our inmost hearts
Sees more than mortals do.

Great deeds receive rewards below,
And earth's applause is given;

But little things are seen by God
From His watch-tower, high in
Heaven.

—British War Cry.

Redeem the Time.

Some Curious Inscriptions.

Very curious inscriptions are to be found on sun-dials, such as these on Paper Buildings, in the Temple, London, which bids one to say: "Begone about your business again in Pump Court we are not the 'Shadows' we are, and like shadows depart."

Others on various sun-dials are: "Behold, we fly." "This is the day." "Learn the value of time." "I fly while you behold me." "Enjoy the present hour." "The shadow moves though I am not real."

"I set to rise." "Days make years." "I stay for no man." "The day flies." "Such is life." "Man is but a shadow." "Redeem the time." "Lying does not belong to me." "The brightest day has its shade." "You pursue a shadow." "The sun canures the shadow." "You may waste but cannot lose me." "Life is fleeting as the shadow." —Australian Cry.

Christmas Day in Java.

How the Children Fare.

Presently we see the copper-tinted children come in all directions, first in ones and twos, then in dozens, then in scores. More and more they come, and the passing Government officials, or soldiers of the Dutch army, pause a moment to look at the pretty scene. For notwithstanding the fact that the children are poorly clad—those of them who wear any clothing at all—the scene possesses a picturesqueness entirely its own. More and more the children gather until there are upwards of 50 of them.

Each little brown-skinned child carries a ticket which he will not part with until the right moment. Who are they? They are the happy children of Semarang. Like the birds they have what they can pick up. At the year they swarm about the market places like so many bees. Christmas Day is the one day of the year to which they look forward. They arrive faint and hungry; they go away refreshed and full. They arrive naked or in rags; they depart every boy with a badge (badhi), and every girl with a sarong (kudhi), the gift of the Officers of The Dutch Army.—All the World.

THURSDAY, Jan. 12.—Rescued by His Uncle. Genesis xli.; 14-16; xlv.; 8-20; xvi.; 1-6.

FRIDAY, Jan. 13.—Birth of Ishmael. Genesis xlv.; 3-15; xlvii.; 1-5.

SATURDAY, Jan. 14.—Child of Promise. Genesis xlvii.; 9-23.

OUR PRAYER LEAGUE FAMILY.

By MRS. BLANCHÉ JOHNSTON.
COMMUNION WITH GOD.

My Dear Mrs. Johnston.—While in training as a Cadet I read a tract which inspired, and helped me so much. I have always felt like passing it on. The owner of the tract would not part with it, and I copied it in a note-book.

Since I have been here I have read it to a soldier who is very much interested in your Praying League column, and she has advised me to send you a copy of the same to have

it put in the Praying League column. I am enclosing it. It is called "Communion with God," and seems to me very beautiful language.

Pardon me if I have asked a stranger too great a favour; and believe me to be yours as a co-worker in the vineyard.

CAPTAIN.

The above speaks for itself. We much appreciate the interest of these dear Newfoundland comrades, and pass on the message they enfold.

"I will communion with thee from above the mercy-seat." Exodus xxv.; 22.

My child, it is not necessary to know much to please me; it is sufficient to love much. Speak to me as thou wouldst to a mother, if she drew near to thee.

Are there any for whom thou wouldst pray to me? Repeat to me the names of thy relations, thy

friends, after each name add what thou wouldst have me do for them. Ask much, ask much; I love to answer who forget themselves for others.

Tell me of the poor whom thou wouldst relieve, the sick whom thou hast seen suffer, the sinners thou wouldst have converted, those who are alienated from thee, whose affection thou wouldst regain.

Are there graces thou wouldst ask for thyself? Write, if thou wilt, a long list of all thou desirest, and of the needs of thy soul, and come and read it to Me. Tell me a story, how pleasant to Me, how satisfying to Me, how joyful. For I am a man, an indolent, a selfish, a man, and I am interested in all that men and women do. Tell me of the family, they prayed to Me, and I have been their saviour. Do not hesitate to ask Me for them.

Continued on Page Fifteen.

LONDON AT PRAYERS.

The Men without a Home.

By CHARLES MORLEY.



LL roads, every river, and every sea lead to London, which has mysterious powers of attraction as sure and fatal as the fabled black mountain of adamant for the luckless ships that came within its influence.

To each the same questions were put. Some muttered their replies; some spoke out; others nodded sleepily, dazed with cold, faint with hunger; some gave up this ticket:

ADMIT BEARER
(Homeless and destitute)
ON SUNDAY NEXT,
TO
THE SALVATION ARMY MEN'S SHELTER,
115A, BLACKFRIARS ROAD,
7.30 a.m.—WASH AND BREAK UP
9.0 a.m.—BREAKFAST ... FREE.
10.0 a.m.—POSSIBLE SERVICE ...
Commissioner STURGESS,
Governor.

HEADQUARTERS,
MEN'S SOCIAL WORK,
20 & 22, WHITECHAPEL RD., E.

GIVE UP SIN.

TURN TO GOD.

which had been given to them during the night.

Some five hundred men filled the Hall, the doors were closed, and breakfast was served, consisting of a pint of hot tea, two thick slices of bread and butter, a piece of cake, and a lump of cheese.

This they consumed in ease and comfort, the Hall being warmed with hot pipes.

It was a cheerful enough scene. The Hall was painted white, beams crossed it, sliding windows in the bayed roof were slightly open, through which I could see the naked branches of a tree moving in the wind; along each side were rows of benches; strings of coloured paper in honour of Christmas were looped up from various points, and in illuminated letters were various legends, as:

Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.

That was most conspicuous of all.

The humble breakfast is over. The Salvation Officers fill the platform. The Commissioner, tall and bearded, wearing spectacles, is in front at a desk, on which is a Bible; he wears a blue jacket, a red waistcoat, and dark trousers. On his right is a portable harmonium, at which sits a dark, burly, black-bearded man of forty or so. On the Commissioner's left is an Adjutant, tall, loose-built, ruddy-faced, with eyes that roll round and round the Hall, and which nothing escapes. A grizzled, portly Major, with a powerful jaw, a strong face, wearing a plaid necker, stands next to him. There are many Ensigns and others. Behind them is seated a slight figure in black, contemplating the congregation with rapt face—the only woman present.

This corner of London is at prayer; these are the priests; of the ritual of the Salvationists some idea may be gathered from what follows. It differs widely from any other of which I have experience, in that it would move a stone to vibrating life, and is therefore fitting for the work in hand.

The Commissioner steps to the edge of the platform, book in hand. He opens it, and says in a loud voice: "Let us sing the hymn, 'Out on the Ocean':"

Come on board, and ship for Glory;
Be in haste, make up your mind,
For our vessel's weighing anchor;
You will soon be left behind.

The Officer at the harmonium plays a few preliminary chords, and the singing begins.

Each of those five hundred faces gazing up at the platform has a history, a soul; each is at this moment without hope, and desperate. It is necessary to stir some out of their lethargy; to probe the secrets of others, if it be possible; to soften the moral epidermis; to sweat sins out; to administer massage, moral and spiritual; to douche and spray with the waters of life; to galvanize sluggish natures with high frequency currents. I take it, indeed, that all rituals and ceremonies are adjusted and arranged with these wholesome objects, but this is a gathering which would have tried the missionary gifts of Christ Himself; and until the Salvationists rose up and became a power in the land no one thought the task possible or even worth while. It is well to bear this in mind when you hear them jibe and jest at the men and methods of The Army.

Alas! no Army, no ritual can help too many who are seated on these benches this January morning. As the musician plays his prelude I hear a deep sob at my side, and turning round, see a respectable old man, clean, with honest eyes and front, (who has done his utmost to make his toilet in the street. It is the old watchmaker. His lips quiver, his eyes are filled with tears, which he hides with trembling fingers, and drops his head, white as driven snow, on his bosom. We sigh in unison, and then the kindly music drowns all. Hell itself can have no greater tortures in store for the damned than the thoughts and visions hidden behind those five hundred faces as, warmed with food and tugging with the sharp reaction, their brains work once more. In the dim daylight the Hall seems peopled with ghosts of the past. But they are singing:

Millions now are safely landed
Over on the golden shore;
Millions more are on their journey,
Yet there's room for millions more.

Up goes the Commissioner's hand, and there is a dead silence. "Yes," he cries, "there's room for millions more. How many of you are coming aboard? The ship is weighing anchor, but there's time still. A Happy New Year to you all. God bless you!"

"Hallelujah!" "Hallelujah!" "Hallelujah!" from a score of hearty, scottish voices behind him.

"Now then, the chorus, with a will—all together!"

All the storms will soon be over,
Then we'll anchor in the Harbour,
We are out on the ocean sailing
To our Home beyond the tide.

The music begins again; all sing, the words often accentuated by the rhythmical stamping of feet on the floor, by sharp handclaps which sound like the crackle of rifle fire, by many Hallelujahs. All these rough voices remind me in a strange way of sea-songs, the roaring of the wind, the surging of the waves, the fierce beating of the sails, the hoarse cries of sailors clinging to rope and yard. But is not this a roomful of wrecked men, struggling and gasping in the raging waters?

"Let us pray," says the Commissioner, when the hymn was ended. Heads are bowed, knees are bent, and a solemn voice sounds in the Hall on the poor side of the London river:

"O God, we thank Thee for all Thy mercies.
We know that Thou are present here amongst us. O Lord, hear our prayers. Have mercy upon all these poor fellows who have been walking the streets through this bitter night. Put Thy grace into their hearts; soften the rebels and backsliders, we pray Thee. Bless this New Year for them! Amen."

"Amen." "Amen." "Amen."

There is a great scraping of feet, and the Commissioner then calls upon the dark man with the broad shoulders and the blue pilot jacket, who is sitting at the harmonium, "Sing us a solo, Adjutant Linacre."

Adjutant Linacre touched the keys and adjusted the stops, and then sang in a rich baritone:

Can you tell me what ship is going to sail?
Oh, glory, Hallelujah!
Yes, the old ship of Zion. Hallelujah!

Can you tell me what is her Captain's name?
Oh, King Jesus is her Captain. Hallelujah!

Can you tell me what rules they have on board?
Oh, it's loving one another. Hallelujah!

Can you tell me what cargo she has on board?
There are none but happy Soldiers. Hallelujah!

Can you tell me the fare that her passengers must pay?
Oh, the King has paid the passage! Hallelujah!

Do you think she is able to land her crew?
Oh, she's landed many a thousand! Hallelujah!

Let the winds blow high, or the winds blow low,
It's a pleasant sail to Canaan. Hallelujah!

Can you tell me who will steer through the river of death?
Oh, the Saviour is the Pilot. Hallelujah!

What a lift! What a swing! What a power over the heart have words and music! "Thank you, Adjutant. Now tell us how you came to sign on/les on the ship of Zion," cried the Commissioner, and the dark man in the pilot jacket stepped to the front, and told how he left the sea—for he had been mate of a ship—and joined The Army.

Then rose another.

"I've been saved two years and three months, thanks be to God. I've been reconciled to my friends. Bless your souls! they wouldn't believe it; no, for I wasn't the same man—"

(Continued Next Week.)

PETERBORO'S TROMBONE QUARTETTE.

Ninety-Seven Years Total United Service in The Army.

The City of Peterboro, Ontario, is justly proud of the Band connected with the local Corps. The Band, and Corps, too, are organizations for which no apology need be made, and no flowery description need be given. Peterboro Band is too well known for such things. And this has been the case not for five, ten, or even fifteen years, but Peterboro always has had a good reliable Army Band.

Some months ago about 20 of the men—there are now about 30 altogether—received long service badges. Their total years of service in The Army amounted to nearly 500 years. The photograph of four of the comrades who were thus awarded is reproduced on this page.

Bandsman and Songster Leader Moyns (on the extreme right), is the proud possessor of a 25-years' badge. He has done 27 years' service as a Bandsman. His first experience was with Bradford L., Yorkshire, England. From there he went to the Farm Colony, where he was Bandmaster; then went to the Great Western Hall, Marylebone, where he was a Bandsman for thirteen years, playing solo trombone. Some four years ago he came to Peterboro. Our comrade is the trombone soloist for the Band, and also is the Corps Songster leader. He sings first tenor in the Band Male Quartette.

Bandsman T. Card (next in order) was converted in the early days of The Army at that beautiful town Tunbridge Wells, Eng. from which place five or more of our Bandsmen have emigrated. Our comrade put in 19 years' service with "Tunbridge Wells" Band, "T.M." as he is better known by the Bandsmen, plays first trombone, and is an efficient musician. He has been with Peterboro Band for six years, which gives him his total of 24 years' service as a Bandsman.

Band Sergeant T. Brooks was converted some 24 years ago in the little town of Brighton, Ont. He was attracted to The Army by the sound of the drum, which he followed to the Hall. There the spirit of God strove with him, and he got soundly converted. Next night Brother Brooks went to the Hall, and was asked to take the drum. Eventually he learned to play a cornet, and was often seen on the streets of that little Ontario town playing a two-man part, viz, the drum and the cornet. Some fifteen years ago he came to Peterboro, and at once became a Bandsman. He has held the position of Corps Sergeant-Major, and is now Band-Sergeant—no small feat in a large Band like Peterboro. Tom has 23 years' service to his credit as a Bandsman.

Band Correspondent Ernest Hensley (the fourth comrade) was converted as a Junior at Reading II, Eng. In the Band at that Corps he played for sixteen years, and came to Peterboro about seven years ago. With twenty-three years' service at his back, Bandsman Hensley has still to see the day when he will lay down his big trombone—oh, but he is a good musician, and an excellent correspondent for The Army papers, and a genuine fellow in every way. And, like each of his three comrades of whose histories we have had a glimpse, he is good for another quarter of a century. God bless Peterboro.

Vancouver I.—Our Band has had some blessed times during the revival meetings held recently at the Citadel, and Bandsmen have been brought in closer contact with God. We have lately visited several Corps, among them being Nanaimo, Westminister, and North Vancouver, and souls have been won for God. We have welcomed Brother Marriott, who has taken up second horn.

The Songsters have been having good times under the leadership of Bandsman Phillips. They are responsible for one meeting per week, and render their songs in fine style. They now have a total of 22 voices.—F. D. Correspondent.

Christ or the World—Which?

AN ALLEGORY FOR THE NEW YEAR.



T WAS New Year's Eve. Fifteen minutes more and the clocks would chime the midnight hour and the bells begin to ring in that season of new resolves—the New Year. And not the new year only, but a new decade, and in my case the bells would ring in my wedding-day as well, for New Year's Day had been fixed for the consummation of the engagement existing between Alice Brown and myself.

In view of the period it will not be a matter for surprise when I say that Alice and I had been spending the closing hours of the old year in a serious discussion as to the lines upon which our united lives should run; and, being quite godless—that is to say, we did not take God and eternity into our calculations, although regarded in our set as highly moral young people—our plans had been of the earth, earthy, being mainly concerned with where we should live, what we should eat, and where-withal we should be clothed.

But as to arranging our lives so that they should be lived to the glory of God and for the good of humanity, we had not so much as thought of these things. A few minutes more and the old year would be gone. Clear and harmonious on the midnight air rose the voices of the "watts" a few doors away, singing—

blood-drops on His pallid brow, and that His form was inclined to stoop as one who had been bearing a heavy load. In fact, Christ appeared to us as the embodiment of self-sacrifice and suffering, and as we had just been planning our lives on lines that were the exact converse of this, we hesitated to admit Him.

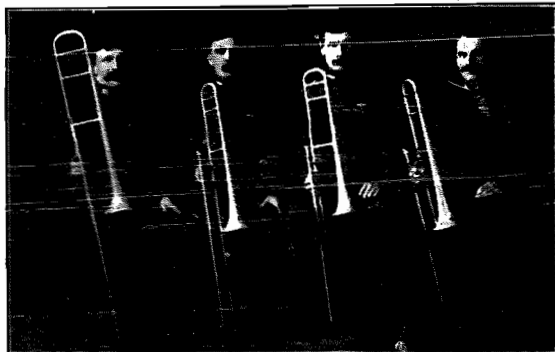
So unexpected and so fascinating was the Christ, that at first our eyes were fixed on Him alone; but on looking beyond His snow-white robes, we beheld, as in the background of a beautiful picture, an angelic host, which stretched from the earth up into the starry night farther than the unaided eye could reach, now, understanding that the host gleamed as brightly as the stars, and resembled a majestic comet.

In the front rank of this Celestial Band stood one who bore a shield, on which was emblazoned the following words:

"To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with Me on My Throne, even as I also overcame, and am set down with My Father in His Throne."

On the right of him who bore the shield stood a being with a glittering crown decked with jewels, and on the left, one with a golden harp.

The general effect of this bewildering scene upon our minds was that if we admitted Christ, self-denial and suffering would be our portion, but also peace, and—an exceeding great reward; but while we, with the short-



PETERBORO BAND'S TROMBONE QUARTETTE.

Left to Right—Band Correspondent Hensley, Band-Sergeant Brooks, Bandsman Card, Bandsman and Songster Leader Moyns.

"Peace on earth and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled."

At the interval between the chorus and a verse, a knock was heard on one of the two doors that opened into the room. It was a timid, supplicating sort of knock, such as one might give who was uncertain of a welcome. Now, with that sound a most extraordinary thing occurred. No sooner did that knock fall upon our ears than it seemed as though our eyes could penetrate beyond the confines of the room, and standing at the door we beheld the blessed face and form of Him whose birth we had, in common with the rest of people, been celebrating a few days before—that is to say, we had been keeping up Christmas—although, I am afraid, that He whose natal day it was had not occupied a great place in our thoughts.

The sight of the Christ of Glory, clad in robes of snowy whiteness, with a look of yearning tenderness on His benevolent countenance, filled us with feelings that were not afraid, neither solemn awe, but rather of reverential sympathy; and when He uttered those gracious words: "Behold, I stand at the door and knock; if any man hear My voice and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with Me," we both felt like hesitating to let Him in. On our eyes becoming accustomed to the Heavenly Visitor, however, we saw that the face was haggard with self-denial, that there were

sightings that is so common amongst mortals, thought more of the self-denial and suffering that were close at hand, than we did of the glories that were beyond, another knock on the other door fell upon our ears.

This knock was very self-confident. Assurance seemed to sound in the very echoes. Turning our eyes in the direction whence the sound of knocking came, we saw a most gorgeously-attired female. Golden ornaments and precious stones gleamed upon her person, and her garments were wrought of the finest silk in the richest colours. She seemed Oriental; at any rate her entire "get-up" was vastly different to that of Canadian women. As soon as she saw that our eyes were upon her, she cried out: "I am she" (the world) "that glorified herself, and lives deliciously. I am a queen, and shall see no sorrow."

I have already said that it seemed in a sense as though all things were laid bare to us. Not only could we see through the walls of the room, but we could even look upon the heart of the woman. The heart was riven with sorrow and anguish, beside being black and putrid in appearance, in spite of her beaming face. She was for all the world like a ruddy apple, sound and shining on the outside, but rotten at the core.

Besides this, behind her stood a train of the most wretched-looking beings it is possible for imagination to conceive of, one of which pointed with pain-clenched hand to the fol-

lowing words which were written on a scroll on the black, starless sky:

"Her plagues shall come in one day, death and mourning and famine; and she shall utterly burn with fire." After a while these words appeared and gave place to others which read thus:

"The pleasure of this world is eth but for a season, and the end thereof is death."

This enabled us to see clearly that if we gave admission to the World any riches or pleasures, we must give up would be followed by the awful consequences of sin, sorrow, and death. We hesitated no longer, and rushed to unbar the door, and as we came in the Christ, and as He entered, the bells began to peal forth joyous sounds, for the New Year had come.

We gazed at each other, Alice and I, for with the ringing of the bells the vision had disappeared, and the room was as it had been. Thank God, however, the lesson was not lost upon us, for we at once went to the Salvation Army barracks in the next street, where a Watchnight service was being held, and were in time to publicly give ourselves to Christ in the new year of the new century.

Dear reader the foregoing is but an allegory, but it represents solemn truths. Christ is even now knocking at your heart's door asking for admittance. If you will let Him in, it may mean cross-bearing and self-denial for a time, but Heavenly glories afterwards.

If you admit, or retain, the world, you may experience a measure of pleasure and prosperity for a time, but the death that never dies will assuredly follow hard after.

Will you, if you have not already done so, fling open your heart's door and let Christ the King of Glory enter NOW?

J. B.

A PEER'S BRAVE DEED INSPIRES A POEM.

In reply to the attacks of political orators upon the courage and loyalty of the peers of England; Lord Rosebery, in Manchester, dwelt upon Lord George Wellesley's brave rescue of a girl from the Thames, near Putney Bridge, a few weeks ago.

Inspired by the Earl's eloquent description of the young nobleman's deed, Mr. Alfred Percival Graves pens these affecting lines:

Fleeting past, in the blast,
The folk as they go
Turn not to view her
Turn not, nor know
That the river unto her
Calls from below.

Is it a prayer
That her deed of despair
May yet be forgiven
That is lifting her eyes
In such awful surmise
Unto heaven
Ere she springs with a cry
To the parapet high,
Wild eyed and wan,
Sways on the edge,
Then over the ledge
Is gone?

The people have heard,
The people are stirred
For their daughter at last
Women shriek, "Save her!"
Men only waver
Aghast!
Till a stalwart youth shoulders
Aside the beholders
And off the bridge side,
At the height of a steepie,
For that child of the people
Plunges into the tide.

His strokes divide
The angry tide,
While hopes and fears
The watchers thrill,
As stoutly still
He preserves,
Until at length
With his manly strength
The winning stride,
He lifts from a grave
In the ghastly wave
A sister's life.

THE WORLD AND ITS WAYS

Severe Floods in England.

Not for thirty years past has England known such floods as are now devastating immense tracts of country. The deluge of rain practically has been incessant since the first of December, but two days out of the fifteen without rain. The farmers have suffered heavy losses. Large areas of territory are so inundated that five-barred gates are covered with water, which in some parts of the country is twelve feet deep. In many villages, houses have been flooded, and the residents are living in the upper storeys.

The outlook in the Thames Valley is grave. Recently a severe gale swept the coast, causing havoc at seaside towns like Worthing, Hastings, Cowes, and Dover, where sea walls were washed away, and thousands of tons of sand deposited in the streets.

In the neighbourhood of the sea front houses have been flooded and yachts tossed ashore.

Voicing Minkins.

The estimates for the next fiscal year were recently presented to the Dominion Parliament, the total amount asked for being \$138,663,200. This is an increase of over six million dollars upon last year's amount. Supplementary estimates later in the session may, as usual, increase this amount several millions, but, in any event, with this revenue steadily increasing at the rate of over one million dollars per month, the Government is still assured of an income for next year that will considerably more than keep pace with the growing expenditure. The principal items of increase are: Census, \$1,600,000; railways and canals (collection of revenue), \$630,754; post-office, \$626,080; naval service, \$155,000; public debt, including sinking fund, \$989,625; ocean and river service, \$303,500.

Workmen Needed.

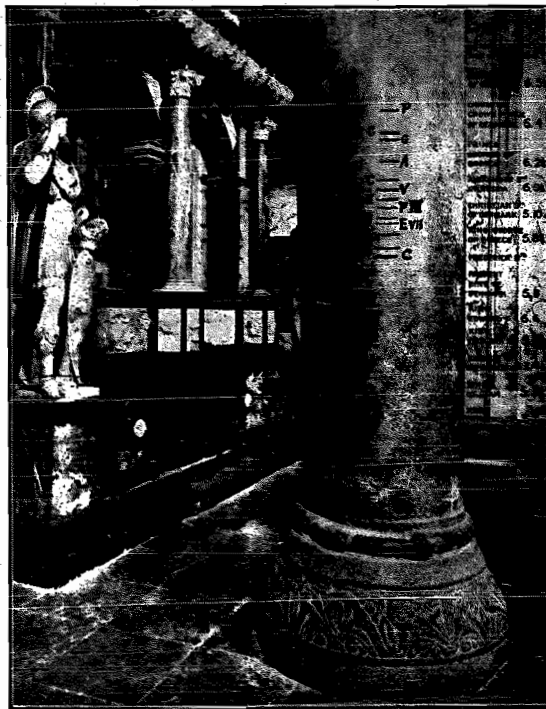
Out in British Columbia laborers are very scarce, and the building of the Grand Trunk Pacific across the mountains is likely to be a problem. Public sentiment will not tolerate the importation of Asiatics nor will the Provincial Government sanction it, and the contractors have therefore to look elsewhere for their men. At least five thousand will be needed, and Mr. Stewart, of the contracting firm, has gone to Scotland in the hopes of securing them. "These men will make good settlers after the road is constructed," says Mr. Stewart. "They will cost us more than Asiatics would have done, but the railway and the country will have the advantage of five thousand acclimatized settlers of the finest race the world has produced."

Inspirer of War Scares.

The Editor of the London Economist, in a speech recently delivered at Washington, declared that war scares are largely inspired by armament contractors, who ultimately would drag various countries into the bankruptcy court. He characterized as absurd the purchase of Dreadnoughts by Brazil, "to protect itself against Argentina," and declared that the rivalry between Japan and the United States was crushing the people of Japan under a load of taxes, while armament expenditures also were wrecking the finances of Great Britain and Germany.

The meeting he addressed was the International Conference of the American Society for the Judicial Settlement of International disputes. The aim of this society is to establish a permanent court of arbitral justice. During the sitting of the conference a letter from the Lord High Chancellor of England was read, part of which is as follows:

"The favourite reply of the armament-mongers is that armaments are the only security. They quote the ancient dogma—if you want peace, prepare for war. Yes, but as Mr. Asquith pointed out the other day, the



This picture shows the famous "King's Column" in the Roskilde Cathedral near Copenhagen. The great red granite column dates back to the time of Canute. Roskilde Cathedral is the resting place of Danish kings, and in the course of time it became customary for the reigning monarchs and their most notable royal guests to have their measurements and monograms cut in the granite. In 1716 Czar Peter the Great was measured in the chapel, and up to the present no other royalty has been able to beat his immense height of 6 ft. 8 in.; King Christian I. of Denmark comes next in size with 6 ft. 5½ in. Amongst other names and measures engraved on the column are the late King Edward VII. (5 ft. 6 in.) and the late King Chulalongkorn of Siam (5 ft. 3 1/4 in.).



This is Not a Scene in Canada, but a Winter Scene in Australia.

growth of armaments is becoming such a financial burden upon even the richest states that the taxation it involves arouses dangerous internal discontent, which may at any time provoke outbursts destructive of the world's peace. The diversion of capital from fruitful enterprises into forts and battleships, of men from productive employment to armies and fleets, where they have to live upon taxes, is perhaps the most obvious of the great economic mischiefs of our time. Are all nations to join in the race of expenditure on armies and navies until they fall down one by one, exhausted, in the bankruptcy court?"

Signs of a Hard Winter.

Muskrat trappers predict that this winter will be a long and hard one. Says one of the number: "There is one infallible way to tell. The muskrat, like the beaver, is a cunning aquatic animal, possessed of superior foresight, and when a winter of unusual length and severity is approaching he builds his house with unexcelled skill. He builds it high and dry. Reeds, cat-tails, grasses of the lands and marshes, and then a sealing of mud and clay are all used by the wise little builders until cold air and raindrops are effectually barred. Then he makes his house high so he can go in and keep above the rising tides. When a mild winter approaches, the muskrats spend very little time on house construction, and build small houses. This year, however, they are high and large, and can and do accommodate as many as twenty muskrats."

Government Cats.

It has been estimated by someone with a taste for statistics that the British Government employs over 2,000 cats to keep down the mice in their offices. All these cats are on the payroll, each receiving as a general rule 25 cents a week.

Joe is at the head of the Board of Education. Two summers only have passed over his head, yet he is as old as that cunning mice, rats, pigeons, and sparrows. In catching pigeons he resorts to several ingenious devices. He has been detected carrying newspapers to a spot frequented by pigeons, biding beneath it, and thus awaiting his opportunity to seize an unwary bird. His record for pigeon catching is six a week, but frequently he has captured two in an hour.

Trillie is an important member of the War Office staff. She receives a grant from the British Government of twenty-five cents a week, has miles of corridors to roam over, and is friends with scores of high personages who never tense her. For hours she paces the cold dark corridors in the basement and chases away the vermin that attack the thousands of old documents which until a few months ago were stacked there.

A Narrow Escape.

Two men recently had a narrow escape from death on the Niagara River.

The two went out on the ice bridge in search of frozen ducks, hundreds of which are found dead on the ice every day. While they were in the middle of the river the central part of the bridge broke away and began to float down stream. The detached floe, about one hundred yards square, soon was separated from the rest of the shore ice by wide fissures. As the men rushed for the shore the ice kept moving out slowly and disintegrating, until by the time they were 50 feet from the bank the ice under their feet was in small pieces.

William Mulrain, one of the constables at the State Reservation, saw them. He seized a long rope in the lower elevator station, and when the men were about 30 feet from the shore, he threw it to them. With its help the men were drawn to shore, but none too soon, for they were then close to the pier of the Upper Steel Arch bridge. In a very short time they would have got to the Whirlpool Rapids—certain death for them.

OUR NEW SERIAL STORY.

We invite our readers to peruse this first instalment of what is undoubtedly one of the most interesting serial stories that has ever appeared in this or any other War Cry. It is brimful of the most exciting incidents, and the conversion of the hero is a remarkable example of what the Grace of God can accomplish. Read it yourself, and then pass to your neighbour.

On Active Service.

Or, WAR MEMORIES OF A VETERAN IN TWO ARMIES.

CHAPTER I.

1.—A BOY SOLDIER.



OTHER, I'm going to be a soldier like dad," said young Jim Liddle, as he arrived home from school one day.

Mrs. Liddle looked up in astonishment at this sudden announcement.

"And what's caused you to think of such a thing as that all so sudden like?" she inquired.

"By they've taken Tom Dalton in the regiment as a drummer, and he's littler than me, mother. You should just see him in his big bearskin hat and his braided cord. I tell you he looks fine. I'm going to join, too."

"Tut, tut, don't be so foolish, Jim," replied Mrs. Liddle. "You'll soon find out that everything isn't gold that has a glitter to it. Just put away all ideas of soldiering from you and set your mind on learning the trade your father wants you to."

"Won't," muttered Jim under his breath, but luckily his mother did not hear him. Aloud he said: "If soldiering's good enough for dad it's good enough for me too, I think."

"Now, that's enough, Jim," said Mrs. Liddle sharply. "I ain't got nothing to say against soldiers, seeing that I've married to the best man that ever trod in shoe leather, but it's had enough always have the fear that your husband might be ordered off any time to furrin' parts to fight savages or Frenchies, or other folks, without having your children going off too. So you just settle down to civilian life, my boy."

Now the prospects of spending his life at a carpenter's bench, wielding saws, planes, and hammers did not seem very rosy to Jim in his present state of mind, and so he stubbornly replied: "Well, if you won't let me be a soldier, I'll run away and join the Navy."

"Good gracious, Jim, don't do a thing like that," exclaimed his mother in alarm. "I'd far sooner see you in a red coat than a blue jumper."

"Then will you let me join the regiment?" he pleaded.

"Wat till your father comes home, Jim, and then talk it over with him," was Mrs. Liddle's final word on the subject.

Mr. Liddle was a private of the Scots Guards, and had served for 29 years in the Regiment. It was only natural, therefore, that his son, brought up amidst the scenes of military life, should have a longing to follow in his father's footsteps and march gallantly along to the accompaniment of life and drum and waving banner. It was only natural, too, that his parents, knowing experimentally of the hardships and temptations of a soldier's life, should seek to turn their boy's ambition into other channels and persuade him to devote his time and talents to the arts of peace rather than to war and military glory. The glamour and fascination of soldiering, however, had taken a strong hold of Jim's vivid imagination, and in spite of his parents' opposition he determined to be a soldier. At this time he was only eleven years of age, but he was a very sturdy little fellow, and possessed plenty of that confidence in himself which is necessary to success in all walks of life, and which, in very young folks, is sometimes called—check.

Finding therefore that when Liddle, senior, came home he was likewise opposed to the idea of his joining the regiment, Jim resolved to try and enlist without his parents' consent.

One day, therefore, he marched up to the Headquarters of the Scots Guards at Whitehall to see the Orderly Sergeant—a special friend of his.

"Well, Jim, what do you want?" asked the Sergeant as the boy came marching in looking as important as he knew how.

"I want to see the Head Colonel of this Regiment," said Jim in a loud tone. Whether or not he would have been allowed to see the Colonel is doubtful, but it so happened that Colonel Barclay-Drummond, who was in the next room, overheard his request, and demanded that the boy be brought before him.

Boldly Jim faced the great Colonel. "What did you want to see me for?" asked the Colonel.

"I want to be a drummer in your Regiment, sir," answered Jim.

"H'm!" said the Colonel, critically surveying the small figure before him. "Who are you?"

"I'm Jim Liddle, sir, son of Private Liddle."

"How old are you?"

"Eleven, sir."

"How would you like to be a page-boy?"

"Not at all, sir; I want to be a soldier."

"But a page wears a nice uniform, with shiny buttons, and all he has to do is to run messages for a lady. Come now, I want a page boy for Lady Drummond, and as you seem a

smart little fellow I'll offer you the position. Will you take it?"

"No, sir; I have made up my mind to be a soldier."

Seeing that Jim was a resolute lad and determined to stick to his first idea, the Colonel did not try to persuade him to become a page boy any more. So he said: "Well, you must get your father's consent before I can let you join the Regiment (Jim's face dropped at this), but in the meant me I'll have your measurements taken to see if you are big enough."

The Sergeant then put Jim under the measuring scale, but as that was made to measure big guardsmen, it would not come down low enough to measure the little lad.

"We shall have to stand you up against the wall and use the office ruler," said the Colonel.

This was done, and it was found that Jim measured exactly four feet and three quarters of an inch.

"You are too short," said the Colonel kindly, "so I think you had better stay at home for six months longer and then come and see me again. If you grow three inches in that time I will let you join the Regiment."

It was a somewhat dejected boy who crept homewards that night.

But Jim had one chance. Oh, if he could only grow faster. He must eat all the beef and pudding he could get during the next six months and try to put on that three inches. And he would pester his father and mother so much about joining that they would gladly give in to him for the sake of peace. Every week he got one of his companions to carefully measure him to see if he grew any, and he was delighted beyond bounds to find that he had put on a whole inch in two months. This augured well for three inches in six months, and Jim's spirits rose.

At the end of the appointed time he once more appeared before the Colonel, this time with his father's consent to join the Regiment, if accepted.

Sergeant, measure this lad again and see if he has grown," said the Colonel.

"Four feet, three and three-quarters," called out the Sergeant.

The Sergeant must have mumbled his words a bit, for the Colonel did not catch the word "three," upon which Jim's hopes hung.

"Why, my lad," he said, "you are growing downwards, like a cat's tail."

"But your pardon, sir," said Jim. "I've grown three whole inches. There must be a mistake."

So he was measured again. This time the Colonel discovered his mistake, and Jim was duly accepted as a drummer in her Majesty's Buffs, a battalion Scots Guards, and sent to report to the Sergeant-Major at Wellington Barracks. That was on the 5th day of November, 1846.

Shortly after Jim received his uniform, and he was a very proud boy when he swaggered home in a big bearskin hat, nearly half as big as himself, and a bright red tunic adorned in braid.

Jim had commenced his military career.

The life of a drummer in the Guards was full of interest, and Jim quite enjoyed himself for the first few years, in spite of arduous guard duties, fatiguing marches, and trying inspections. He had of his own choice accepted all the conditions of service in the usual spirit of a Tommy Atkins. Every bit of duty, however hard or disagreeable, was done cheerfully, we may say patriotically, as "another little bit for the Queen."

The regiment moved about from one part of the country to another every few months, and thus Jim was successively stationed at London, Windsor, Chichester, and Winchester. He experienced the delights of hot days, guard mounting, trooping, colors, route marching, drilling, and the hundred and one other things that make up a soldier's life in the of peace.

One experience he had made a deep impression on him and should have taught him a valuable lesson, but it didn't. He was doing guard duty one night at a post called in those days the Tilt Guard. Being a drummer he, of course, did not go sentry go like the privates of the regiment, but his duties were to beat calls on his drum at different periods of the day and night, see that the men were supplied with their meals, and accompany the orderly officer on his rounds.

He was engaged in the latter duty when the event referred to occurred. Bearing a lantern he briskly preceded the officer and his escort of a sergeant and two men. Soon they arrived at a spot where two sentries were supposed to be keeping a good lookout. No sharp sentry rang out on the midnight air, however, and on going forward to investigate the cause the officer found the two guardsmen lying fast asleep on the ground. All efforts to awaken them were in vain, for they were sunk in a drunken stupor, and at last they had to carry them to the guardroom. Next morning, when the Sergeant of the Guard went to awaken them he was confronted with a ghastly sight. The poor fellow was dead and quite black in the face, and the other was in a dying condition. The doctor was hurriedly sent for, and he applied a stomach pump to the survivor and managed to bring him round. A few days after the unfortunate soldier was tried by court martial and received a heavy term of imprisonment.

This occurrence greatly frightened poor Jim, and he made a resolution that he would never touch intoxicating liquor as long as he lived. Alas! for that resolution. Not long after that Jim got drunk for the first time in his life.

He was stationed at Chichester at the time, and in company with several other drummers went out for a country walk one Sunday afternoon. As it was a hot day, and one of the lads suggested that they should go to a country inn and get something to drink, Jim may have remembered his resolution, but he did not like to refuse to drink with the others for fear they should laugh at him. His fear of ridicule kills many a good resolution.

Once inside the inn, they did not stop at one glass, but drank and drank.

(Continued on Page Fourteen)



Ensign and Mrs. Johnstone and Lieut. Wright of Prince Rupert.

THE SILVER JUBILEE

OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN WINNIPEG.

A YEAR OF SPLENDID ADVANCE.

The Salvation Army Citadel was the scene of enthusiastic meetings Saturday evening and yesterday afternoon celebrating The Army's silver jubilee in Winnipeg (says the Free Press). Addresses were given by Brigadier Burditt and Adjutant McElheney, and selections by the Band. In the course of an address Adjutant McElheney explained that The Army first found its footing in Canada through a Salvation soldier. The adjutant would have liked to have held the anniversary meetings at the old Victoria Hall, now the Winnipeg Theatre, where they had had some wonderful experiences. Many people who had been converted there had since become connected with other churches in the city, and were doing some good Christian work.

The speaker paid a tribute to the Free Press for the kind assistance and encouragement which it had then rendered The Army.

Brigadier Burditt, who followed, referred to the early days "when," he said, "many people in Winnipeg looked upon us as fools and fanatics, but now we are appreciated and better understood."

Grace Hospital.

After dealing with other phases of the work in which The Army is engaged, the Brigadier spoke at length of the work and the success which had attended it at Grace Hospital. "The institution was put up with the aid of the Provincial Government," he said, "and the officials of the city, and is now spoken well of by all who know it. In 1909 there were 472 girls who passed through the hospital, while already in 1910 667 women and girls have passed through the wards. At the present time there are 80 women and children being attended to; 400 meals are served there every day, all of which mean some work."

"It is easy for us to be on the platform in the limelight," exclaimed the Brigadier, "and we can't give too much praise to those noble women who work in the background, and who deal with a class of women from whom other women draw aside their skirts."

Saturday's Opening.

The celebration will be continued today. The meetings opened on Saturday evening by Adjutant McElheney giving an interesting illustrated lecture during which photographs of all who had taken a prominent part in the movement from its inception to the present day were shown. The pictures of many old timers, some of whom had passed away, were recognized by the large audience and received tributes of hearty applause.

Perhaps the most interesting feature of the evening was an account of the Vinnall family, the pioneers of The Army in Winnipeg in 1886. Previous to that the Vinnalls were known throughout Sussex, England, as "The happy family of Brighton Congress Hall," and consisted of father, mother, and six children. They originally belonged to the Corps whose attempts to establish The Army in that district resulted in the

(Continued on Page Eleven.)

The World's Great Need—Christ.



HE world's need is Christ, not the Christ of a creed, but the vital principle of righteousness—Christ in the soul, Christ governing the desires and conduct of men.

Never since the Eastern Magi, and the lowly shepherds knelt in humble adoration around the Divine Babe and His mother, have so many hearts accepted Christ as their Lord and King as now, and, in consequence, never has the world attained such a high level of righteousness as in this year of Grace.

But even so, one has only to look upon the world through the spectacles of the daily papers to see that bloodshed, oppression, and all the misery attendant upon poverty and sin run rioting to the ends of the earth, until one feels that Isaiah's description of the Jewish nation is almost applicable to the nations of the world at the present day. This is it: "The whole head is sick, and the whole heart faint. From the sole of the foot even unto the head there is no soundness in it; but wounds, and bruises, and putrefying sores: they have not been closed, neither bound up, neither mollified with ointment."

The Great Physician is badly needed in this poor unhappy world.

The Demon Drink.

The late Count Tolstoi has written a parable to this effect: The devil having sent his agents on earth to work harm amongst the children of men but little cause to congratulate his agents on their success until one of them advised a farmer to sow wheat on certain tracts of land which brought forth such abundant crops that the farmer knew not what to do with his surplus grain. The emissary of hell then prompted him to make of it intoxicating drink, which he did, with the result that when his satanic majesty came to earth to see what had been done to blight the happiness of man he found bloodshed, friend beating friend, covetousness, and all the evil passions of which our fallen nature is capable, of freed from all restraint.

The parable has it that the Devil was wonderfully gratified, and congratulated his agent on having invented the most effective method of damning mankind.

Few will disagree, we think, with the devil in this matter. And it is a horrible thing to reflect upon that, at this season of the year, that for ghastly crime and bloodshed Christmas is the blackest season of the whole twelve months. Judging from the records of past years, there is no doubt whatever that at this season, when the angels sang "Peace on Earth," that there are homes in which innocent children have had their brains dashed out by a father maddened with drink; that wives have been slaughtered by drunken husbands, and husbands have sustained grievous injuries by wives rendered furious by alcohol.

The craving for strong drink in all civilized or uncivilized communities covers the world like a great putrefying sore. But bad as the evil of intemperance is, there are not wanting indications that the public mind is undergoing a change concerning strong drink. This is evidenced by

the fact that the late King Edward held that his health might be as well drunk with water as wine.

And that this great canker can be closed and mollified by God's grace there are abundant evidences of in The Salvation Army, where thousands of men and women who were slaves to the intoxicating bottle, have been set free by Christ. The Legislative world needs Christ; the great army of brewers and publicans need Christ to make them give up their bloody soul-destroying business; the vast multitude of drunkards drinking their way to perdition need Christ. Comrades all, let us during the coming year put forth every power to bring the drunkard to Christ.

Capital and Labour.

Capital and labour need Christ. In all civilized communities the employee and the employer seem to be pitting their strength against each other, instead of working for their mutual benefit. There is in this world enough of everything that is good for the body, to furnish all with an abundant supply, but the great fact is borne in upon us, that some are starving while others are feasting. The strike riots in other countries, show that the relationship between master and man are far from being satisfactory, there is, in fact, a constantly increasing breach between them.

What is to be done? We think that if both classes acted in conformity with the commands of Christ that there would be good feeling and none of the prevailing distress. The good employer would consider the welfare of his employee more than his own profit, and the employee would safeguard his master's interest, and do his work to the best of his ability.

Light in the Dark.

If we look abroad in lands where the Sermon on the Mount has not been heard, and remember the barbarous practices that prevail, we see how great is the need for the sympathizing Christ. India, China, and the Isles of the Sea need Christ. And men and women who have received the light are needed to take these benighted peoples by the hand and lead them to Christ. Will you be one to do so?

How then shall the need of the world be met by Christ?

By everyone in whom dwells Christ leading some sinner to Him.

Individual soul-savers is the principle upon which all must act who desire to see the world won for Christ. The saved drunkard must bring the drink-slave to Christ; the saved workman must win his unsaved mates, the rich followers of Christ must lead other rich men to Christ—difficult though the task may be.

Saved reader, the world needs Christ. Will you at the closing scenes of the old year consecrate yourself to the work of winning the world for Christ?

Netpawa, Man.—On Sunday, Dec. 9th, fifteen souls came out for consecration, and one for salvation. The fire is still burning brightly. In our soldiers' meeting on Tuesday night one soul came out for sanctification.—Capt. Plester, Cadet Cornish.

200 Baskets for the Poor

A NOBLE WORK IS BEING DONE BY THE SALVATION ARMY OF LONDON (ONT.).

SENDING OUT THE CHEER.

People of This City May Rest Assured Their Donations Are Being Well Spent.

(London, Ont., Advertiser.)

Two hundred baskets of provisions were presented to the poor of the city at 1 o'clock to-day by the Salvation Army as a result of the offerings received in the "pots" on the street corners and private donations. Every year at Christmas time the Salvation Army all over the world provide dinners for the deserving poor, and in London for the past two or three weeks preparations have been going on whereby many hearts in this city will be gladdened with the prospects of a brighter Christmas.

An Advertiser reporter had the privilege Friday of visiting the basement of the local Salvation Army Citadel, where the baskets were being filled. The scene presented was a busy one. Baskets were lined up in row after row around the whole room, while Lieut. Col. and Mrs. A. A. Chandler assisted by a half a dozen helpers, were busy in measuring out the different kinds of provisions. Each basket is filled with a like portion. The bottom of the basket is covered with potatoes. This is followed by a turnip, a quarter of a pound of tea, a half a pound of sugar, a quarter of a pound of butter, a loaf of bread, a plum pudding, a roast of beef, several oranges, and a bag of candles. The size of the family to which the basket is given.

Searching for Poor.

For the past week or so Mrs. Chandler and several of the relief workers have been going around the city investigating the cases of many of the poor people so that only the deserving poor will be presented with the baskets. They have come across many unfortunate cases. A few days ago a little pale-looking and delicate boy presented himself at the Army Citadel to have his parents' name put on the list of those receiving baskets. His case was investigated and it was found that his parents were both seriously ill in bed, and his little sister was doing her best to keep the house in order, while the boy was out working to support the family.

Col. Chandler explained to The Advertiser that the supplying of Christmas dinners to the poor was only one part of the relief work of the Army.

A Noble Work.

Already two hundred garments, including overcoats, coats and vests, and trousers for the men, and coats and under-garments for women, have been supplied to poor people in the city. These garments have been generously donated to The Army by persons throughout the city. Also many families have been supplied with coal and other fuel, and much of the amount collected on the street corners will be used for this purpose during the winter. Already by means of the kettles about \$300 has been

(Continued on Page Eleven.)

GAZETTE.

Lieut. Fanny Rutton, to be Captain.
THOS. B. COOMBS,
Commissioner.

WAR CRY

PRINTED for Thomas B. Coombs, Commissioner of the Salvation Army in Canada, Newfoundland, Bermuda, and the Azores, by the Salvation Army Printing House, 24 Albert St., Toronto.

All manuscripts to be written in ink or by typewriter, and on one side of the paper only. When names and addresses are given, the name of the person to whom the copy should be sent should be added to the bottom of the page. All communications for publication in its pages, together with names of contributors, should be addressed to THE WAR CRY, 24 Albert St., Toronto. All names referring to subscriptions, deposits and change of address, to the Trust Secretary. All Cheques, Post Office and Bank Orders should be made payable to Thomas B. Coombs.

A NEW YEAR AND A NEW LEADER.

The New Year will practically bring with it a new Leader for the work of The Army in this territory. About the middle of January Commissioner Rees will assume the command of the Canadian forces, and circumstances will be favourable for a general advance, an increase of activity all along the line. Let us lay ourselves out for it. Commissioner Rees, apart from a well established reputation for personal piety, is a man of great experience, and who has been accustomed to fill big positions. He will come to us possessing many of the natural advantages that characterize leaders of men, and possessing a mature mind and thorough knowledge of the vital principles of The Salvation Army. He will be a worthy Leader, and the loyal, devoted Officers of this Territory will, we know, receive him wholeheartedly, and be glad to push the fight forward under his command. We are hoping in an early issue to give further particulars concerning his career and personality. In the meantime we urge all our comrades to make the new Commissioner and God's work in this country a matter of earnest prayer that God may fit our new Leader's heart and brain for the great responsibilities that will devolve upon him and fit us all, Officers and soldiers, for the work we may be called upon to do.

Lieut.-Colonel Chandler is conducting the wedding of Captains Raymer and Doherty, at Windsor, on January 2nd.

Major Taylor, of the Montreal Metropole, writes joyfully concerning a revival which he says has broken out in the meetings recently held in the Institution. In nine days thirteen souls got soundly converted. Says the Major, continuing:

"A man well connected in the Old Land, where he has a wife and children, gave me a letter from his wife to read this morning, a most touching appeal to an unworthy husband, and before he left the office, he promised to come to the prayer-meeting at night. While I write, he is at the mercy seat seeking God."

Staff-Captain Wakefield, of Vancouver, en route for England, was present at the Annual Christmas Treat for Officers and Officers'-Children, conducted by the Chief Secretary in the Temple, on December 28.

Adjutants Cummins and F. Howell have been awarded diplomas by the Advanced Training Department for excellency in their studies in Bible History and Grammar respectively.

New Hall at Earls Court.

Opened by the Chief Secretary—
Dovercourt Band and Songsters Present.



LITTLE group of over-coated figures standing within the circle of light cast by an electric lamp, the dim outline of an Army Hall in the immediate background and all around the black shadows of the tall pines. Such was the picture one beheld on the night of December 22nd upon arriving at Earls Court, a suburb of Toronto lying on the hills which overlook that big city. It was the night of nights for the Earls Court Corps, for they were about to enter into a permanent home of their own instead of using a rented hall.

For many months the sound of saw and hammer had been heard in the land as Captain Ruston and his soldiers toiled away night after night at the new building. Now it was finished, and the Chief Secretary had consented to preside at the opening ceremony and the Dovercourt Band and Songsters had promised their aid also. Hence the gathering under the pines in the chill air of a winter's night. With great foresight, one of the soldiers had brought along a portable open-air stove, and a bright, cheery fire was blazing, shedding a warm glow around, as the visitors and local forces congregated about the door to witness the key-turning ceremony at 7.45 p.m. Mounting the steps at the front entrance the Chief Secretary, after making an appropriate speech, solemnly turned the key in the lock and declared the Hall open for public services. A short prayer by Staff-Captain White and then the doors were swung wide and the people marched in to take possession, preceded by the Color-Sergeant of the Corps, a striking trophy of God's grace. As they marched they sang a song of victory, a song describing the onward sweep of The Army around the world.

A few minutes later and the first service held within those walls commenced. If we can regard the service as an earnest of greater things to come, then Earls Court Corps has indeed a good time ahead of it. That the Chief Secretary held this view was very evident, for he constantly referred to the various items that went to make up this interesting meeting as the first taste of what was to come. And with the eye of a prophet he foretold the time when the Corps would so increase and flourish that a greater building yet would be required for its work, and its band would rank amongst the best in Toronto.

The first audience that gathered in the Hall was certainly a very encouraging sign of the interest manifested by the people of the neighbourhood in The Army, and it was with a deep feeling of thanksgiving that all joined in sounding the first note of praise to God as a congregation. "Praise God from Whom all blessings flow" was the keynote of the whole meeting.

The dedicatory prayer was offered by Lieut.-Col. Turner; then another song was sung, after which came more prayer, Brigadier Rawling leading. A song from the Dovercourt Songsters, some testimonies by sev-

eral officers present, a duet by Adj. and Mrs. Coy, and then Brigadier Bond came forward to read the Scripture lesson. In commenting on the portion read, he told the story of the conversion of the first man who entered the hall that night, the Color-Sergeant. A few months ago he had wandered through the woods in that vicinity determined to put an end to his miserable existence. He was crazed by drink. The sound of The Army drum reached him, however, and he went to the meeting and got saved. This, the Brigadier said, should be a great encouragement to the Corps to keep up their open-air work. The Dovercourt Band then played, after which the Chief Secretary related the brief history of the Corps, saying how pleased the Commissioner had been at its rapid progress. He went on to praise the efforts of the Captain and the soldiers, to whose self-denying labours the present building was due, and then called on Lieut.-Colonel Turner to read a statement as to the financial state of the project. Among other items in this statement it was interesting to learn that the value of the labour which had been so freely given by the soldiers was estimated at \$350. This, the Colonel said, was equally as good as a cash donation. The first collection was then taken up, and a number of promises of financial help were secured. That business out of the way, the Chief Secretary made an earnest appeal to the soldiers to keep soul saving ever before them as the object of their existence as a Corps. He pointed out the fact that there are plenty of buildings and plenty of preachers, but that both might become useless if a steady, persistent effort were not made to bring people to Christ. Brigadier Morthen conducted the prayer meeting, and in response to his appeals for surrenders to Christ one young man walked out to the mercy seat—the first penitent to kneel in the new Hall. May it be the birthplace of many more souls.

The new hall is situated on St. Clair Avenue—the Main street of that locality. It has a seating capacity of 250.

We regret to learn that Staff-Captain Burrows, of the Subscribers' Department, recently met with a bad accident while in Ottawa. He failed to board a street car for which he had to run, fell to the ground and severely sprained his leg. The Staff-Captain has now been unable to leave home, to which he was brought, for two weeks. We pray that a speedy recovery may yet come.

Dr. Steele, a prominent dentist in Toronto, presided at Riverside's Christmas Demonstration. The doctor recently furnished a Primary Department in the Riverside Citadel, and has stated his intention of doing even more for The Army in the East end of the city.

Ensign and Mrs. Urquhart of the Maritime Provinces, are rejoicing over the arrival at their quarters of a son, on December 19th.

Great Christmas Feasts in America.

350,000 POOR PEOPLE FED

THE COMMANDER PRESIDES

Special to The Canadian Cry.
New York, Dec. 27, 1914.

The Salvation Army in America has given the greatest Christmas feasts in history. At any rate the largest given by any organization in America. Under the leadership of Commander Miss Booth, The Salvation Army has fed over three hundred and fifty thousand poor people throughout the United States, and distributed toys to fifty thousand poor children.

The Grand Central Palace, New York, was taken for the occasion, and ticket-holders began to assemble before 7 o'clock in the morning. By 10 o'clock a vast concourse was waiting for admission. The Commander, in person, assisted by the Chief Secretary and entire Staff, directed the distribution, which occupied three hours. The sights of poverty and misery revealed were appalling. Orphan, blind, dumb, deaf, maimed, were all in line—a thin thread of misery and sorrow. The Commander's sympathy sent pleasure to many hearts.

There was a distribution of toys during the afternoon in the Palace to several thousand children, and also gifts of candy and oranges.

The success was largely due to the excellent organization of Lieut.-Col. Parker and Staff. The press warmly praised The Army's work, and gave it many columns of space.

The Chicago dinners were distributed at twenty centres, under the personal superintendency of Commissioner and Mrs. Estlin.

Every Corps in America participated in the great feast.

Just commencing a great spiritual campaign, taking up the entire months of January and February, entitled "Siege for Souls," may wonder workings of the Holy Spirit are eagerly anticipated.

Lieut.-Col. Turner informs us that with the arrival of the New Year several distinct advances will be made in connection with the Subscribers' Department. Particulars will be made known in later issues of the War Cry.

The Colonel wishes us to thank most heartily all the good friends who so generously assisted The Army by contributing to its funds for relieving and bringing cheer to the poor at the Christmas season. As a sample case show us the good will and practical sympathy, he handed us a which we print below is from a Mr. and Mrs. Morley.

"I am sending this ten dollars) for the feast that amongst drunkards, largely as the 'ing Harold Begbie's 'Born Men' which has fluence over me in increasing my sympathy toward The Army. bless you in your work. frankly say, we in our church, those in other Churches of any denomination, cannot possibly touch in a like manner."

PERSONALITIES.

It will be remembered that in connection with the recent Officers' Councils and Special Meetings, which were conducted throughout the territory, a special message was read from The General. The impression made, inspiration imparted, and blessing received through this message have been referred to in the columns of The Cry, and most enthusiastic replies were sent to The General. These have been placed before The General by the Foreign Secretary, and the Chief Secretary has received the following communication from International Headquarters:

"The General has read with great satisfaction the various replies to his Congress Message, and desires to express his deep appreciation for all the declarations of loyalty to the Flag and love to the Army, that are expressed therein. Further, The General rejoices with the dear comrades for every victory won, and will look with great confidence to Canada and the Territory generally to accomplish still greater things through the power of God, and the aid of a hard working and zealous people. The General sends his love to the Officers, and assures them of his ever increasing interest in them and their labour of love."

We know that our dear comrades will be very pleased indeed to peruse the above, and it will be of special interest to the Leaders of the different Commands.

We have been informed that Canada's new Territorial Leader, Commissioner Rees, with Mrs. Rees and family, will leave England for Canada, in the S.S. "Minnehaha," on Saturday, January 7th. We wish them a very pleasant and prosperous voyage over the wintry Atlantic.

They will be met on their arrival at New York by Colonel Mapp, and, by a pleasing coincidence, if the ship arrives on the advertised date, the Colonel will greet his new leaders on his birthday. The Chief Secretary will then conduct Commissioner and Mrs. Rees to Toronto, where they will be received by the Departmental heads and the Divisional commanders stationed in the vicinity of Toronto. A welcome reception is being arranged for the Officers and Cadets stationed in Toronto, to be followed by a great united welcome rally in the Toronto Temple.

We are expecting a vast and enthusiastic gathering of Salvationists and friends who will show that they know how to receive and welcome the comrades upon whom The General conferred the high honour of appointing him to be the leader of the Canadian and Newfoundland troops. God bless Commissioner and Mrs. Rees, and may the war in the Land of the Maple Leaf achieve unprecedented victories under their leadership.

The Chief Secretary, assisted by a number of leading Officers from T. H. Q., is conducting the opening of the new Citadel at Dovercourt on Sunday afternoon, Jan. 8th.

Lieut. Col. Pugh recently gave his lecture "Life Within Prison Walls," at Stratford. The Chairman was C. W. Ross, Esq., M.P. of St. George. Some several ministers and local celebrities were also present.

THE GENERAL

Our Leader's Health—International Peace and Goodwill.



REPRESENTATIVE of The British War Cry, recently had a chat with our beloved General. Amongst other things the question of the General's health came up in the following manner:

"What about your health, General? That is our first anxiety. We hope we see you safe and sound?"

"Yes, although I have been away for twenty-two days, every one of which has been filled up with hard work, either travelling, speaking, or transacting difficult business in some form or other, I think I can say that I am as well and as vigorous as I was the day I left London."

"As to the character of the work I have been engaged in, take as an example the last two days of the Campaign. On the Sunday I spoke three times in a large hall, to reach which I had to ascend a flight of sixty stairs. In the afternoon I talked for two hours, and in the morning and evening over an hour each time, and on each occasion at full stretch in every way."

"The next day, Monday, I travelled for ten consecutive hours by train in a carriage heated almost beyond endurance! When I reached the boat at a few minutes before midnight it was to be disturbed by the boating of the fog-horn, which went on intermittently almost the whole night. However, when I arrived in London the following morning, almost two hours late, although tired, I was able to walk up the street from St. Paul's Station to Headquarters, and almost at once plunge into business with the Chief, without any very great amount of fatigue."

"Since then I have each day been closely occupied with interviews and conferences with regard to our operations in almost every land."

"What about your sight, General? We understand that it is an increasing trial to you."

"Yes, the power of vision in the remaining eye is, I suppose, gradually decreasing, and yet I am able to see sufficiently to write what my friends assure me is really a very legible letter."

"Does your impaired sight affect you in your public speaking?"

"Well, for months now I have not been able to see the faces of my hearers, and this, of course, is in itself an additional strain upon me. But I am hoping every day that the condition of the eye will allow of that marvellous operation which I am expecting will give me back my sight, and make me young again, any way, so far as seeing is concerned."

"And your Billets, General. Did

As we go to press we learn, with sincere regret, that the little daughter of Captain and Mrs. Ruston of Earlscourt has been stricken with scarlet fever. We need hardly say here that the Captain and his wife will have the prayers of their comrades just now.

the friends take care of you?"

"Yes! I was very well looked after. But then the simplicity of my diet renders that task anything but a difficult one. It is not many different or luxurious dishes that I require, and I am daily endeavouring to reduce my requirements and simplify my diet still further. In fact, while I have been away I have read of a Professor of the Cambridge University, said to be the first Latin scholar in the world, who has just died at the ripe age of eighty-six, and who boasted that he could keep himself in health and vigour at the cost of twopenny per day. It is reported of him that on one occasion a nobleman had invited him to dine, and when he sat down to the table the gentleman found to his horror that there was nothing that would make the Professor a repeat. But it was suggested that he should send out for a banana, and then the Latin scholar's needs were supplied."

"I have not reached that goal as yet. However, I had sufficient, as I have said, to keep me on my feet throughout the Campaign."

"And Germany, General—the country, the people, the nation—what is your opinion? You hear in different directions of people afraid of the rapidly-growing power of that country?"

"Nothing, as I told a press representative in Hamburg the other day, eh, in my judgment, prevent her becoming one of the greatest world powers. There is every evidence of it. Probably no other nation has made such rapid progress since the day, only forty years ago, when the States into which the German peoples were then divided, united themselves into one Empire under William I."

"I cannot think that there is any just reason for anyone, either British or German, regarding the increasing strength of either country as a menace to the freedom of the other, or of any nation. Especially would this be the case if religion could only be got into the controlling position which it ought to occupy in the minds and lives of the people."

"The Salvation Army will take its share of the self-sacrificing toil required to accomplish this result."

"Glory to God in the Highest, and on earth, peace, goodwill toward men."

P.S.—Since writing the above The General has unfortunately suffered somewhat from a cold, which has now, however, happily passed off.

We are glad to say that he may now be considered to be himself again. Long Live The General!

Major Anderson, of New York, recently visited T. H. Q. Both the Major and Mrs. Anderson have a warm place in their hearts for their Canadian comrades, amongst whom Mrs. Anderson worked for some time after he transferred from the British Field to the Dominion.

T.H.Q. Christmas Treat

And Other Events—The Chief Secretary in Command.

At Territorial Headquarters the Christmas season, as in other years, was a very happy time. Around the Army's "Hub" in Toronto the approach of the 25th is not the signal for a general packing of valises and trunks and a returning to the old home for Christmas. Rather, is it that the friends and relatives themselves make an effort to come to the city, and so keep their loved ones in their own quarters. But they do not stay there, as the attendance at some recent events goes to show.

On Friday, Dec. 23rd, a special kneed-drill for all T. H. Q. staff was conducted by Adjutant Beeson of the Esther Street Rescue Home. The Chief Secretary was present. At the close he wished everybody a very happy Christmas, and shook all the Officers by the hand as they passed out. Following this kneed-drill, the Staff Band, accompanied by the Chief Secretary and a number of the Headquarters Officers, went at 12.30 a.m. to the corner of Albert and Yonge streets, and played Christmas carols to a splendid crowd of people, to whom the Chief Secretary expressed his thanks for assistance in our work for relieving the poor just now. Afterward the vicinity of Adelaide and Yonge streets was visited and serenaded in a like manner. The one desired end of such an idea being to remind the throngs of people passing up and down the busiest thoroughfare of the city that Christmas was established on the fact of a Saviour's birth—He Who was born in a manger, yet became God's greatest gift to man.

On Wednesday, Dec. 28th, the annual Christmas treat for all Officers of T. H. Q., C'ty, Social, and Training College Staffs, their children, and the Training College Cadets was held in the spacious Temple and Council Chamber. It was a day of days—for more than one young person.

At 2.30 p.m. practically all work in the offices on Headquarters was laid aside, and for a few hours every Officer and child enjoyed very pleasant relaxation. Lieut. Col. Turner was responsible for various entertaining games, and everybody, almost, from the Chief Secretary down, had a good try when blind-folded to blow out the lighted candle. At 5 o'clock the whole assembly sat down to a splendid dinner. Over 200 Officers and their children participated.

The Chief Secretary, after calling upon all to sound a note of thankfulness to God in singing "Praise God From Whom All Blessings Flow," addressed the assembly. In referring to the poor of Toronto and what The Army has done and is doing for that class, he told a touching little incident. A poor woman came to Mrs. Colonel Mapp begging the gift of a basket of Christmas cheer. She got one, but little thought that her happiness had been brought about through the gift of another poor woman, who had received \$25 from her son, and who was so overjoyed at her good fortune that she sent part of her money to our Headquarters. Truly a case of the poor helping the poor. Then the Colonel spoke of the absent ones, and, of course, first mentioned Commissioner and Mrs. Combs. He

(Continued on Page Eleven.)

THE WEEK-END'S DESPATCHES

This is the New Year.

Let's all make a New Start.

Every hour and every power
for Jesus.

AN ALASKAN

HALLELUJAH WEDDING

Bridegroom's Parents Turn From Heathenism to God.

Recently I received a wireless message from Captain M. Miller of Petersburg, asking me to come over on the SS. Humboldt to marry two soldiers. I arrived in Petersburg on Thursday afternoon, was met at the wharf by the Captain, Sergeant, Major, and others. Everybody was on the tip of expectancy for a good time, and we had it, on Friday evening. A number of our white friends were present, as well as the natives. Brother James E. Jackson and Sister Annie Allan were the interested parties. They pronounced their "I Wills" very clearly. Captain Miller was called upon to give a wedding speech, but somehow or other she was dumb. On many subjects she is an expert, but on marriage— On Saturday a very nice wedding supper was provided. The bridegroom's father and mother were converted some two years ago at Petersburg. They had spent their lives in heathenism, but now one look at their happy faces suffices to show the change that has taken place.—Robt. Smith, Adjutant.

THE D. C.'s AT STELLARTON.

Three Converts Enrolled.

Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 3 and 4, were times of great spiritual blessing in Stellarton. Major and Mrs. McLean, our Divisional Commanders, were present.

Saturday night we had an "old friends' reunion," and Sunday afternoon three soldiers were enrolled.

Our crowd on Sunday night was the largest for some time, and one wanderer returned to the fold.

On Sunday, Nov. 27th, we held the memorial service for our late comrade, Treasurer Mackenzie. Several comrades referred to the consistent life he lived, also his faithfulness to The Army for the last twenty years.—E. R. Gerow, Cadet for Captain Ransom.

SPECIALS AT NEW GLASGOW.

New Glasgow.—A number of specials have come our way of late. On Tuesday, Nov. 29th, we had Ensign Urquhart, the "musical genius" who gave a splendid musical service to a good crowd. So well was it enjoyed that he is repeating it on Saturday, Dec. 10. On Sunday afternoon two souls found the Saviour. On Monday night the meeting was conducted by Major and Mrs. McLean, our D. C.'s, assisted by the Officers from Westville and Stellarton. Two souls came out for pardon.—L. J. S., Corps Corr.

NEWS FROM THE

TELEPHONE CITY

Brantford.—On Tuesday, Nov. 29th, Mrs. Green, the wife of Major Green, the divisional commander of Hamilton led the soldiers meeting in the Citadel. She had on the platform with her a band of "League of Mercy" workers, superintended by their Sergeant-Major, Sister Mrs. Johnson. Each one spoke of the work upon which the league is engaged and Mrs. Green delivered an inspiring address.

On Saturday the Band and Songsters conducted a musical meeting, the proceeds of which went to swell the coal fund.

On Sunday, Dec. 11th, Ensign Hamilton led the meetings. In the afternoon the child of Brother and Sister Davis was dedicated to God under the Salvation Army flag. The Ensign conducted the dedication ceremony, which was not without its effect on the audience. At night, after a rousing salvation meeting on the Market square the Ensign spoke of the dangers of rejection of Christ, and appealed to sinners to get right with God. Four persons knelt at the mercy-seat.—J. T. Wimble.

DROWNED! UNSAVED!

Fate of a Procrastinator.

Harry's Harbour, Nfld.—On Tuesday, Nov. 29, a gloom was cast over our little Harbour by the sad drowning of a young man, son of Brother Mackay, a soldier of this Corps. On Sunday night the now deceased man sat in the meeting, and the Spirit of God strove with him, but he would not yield. On Monday night Lieut. Voker spoke to him about his soul. He said: "Lieutenant, I want to be good, and I feel I ought to be saved." But on Tuesday morning he went to meet his God unprepared. Wednesday night, after certain comrades had spoken of this young man's fate, two of his companions gave themselves to God. Our prayers are that God will comfort dear Brother and Sister Mackay.—Annie White.

Moosejaw.—Our Officers (Ensign Sheppard and Captain McLellan), and the Soldiers on Tuesday, December 6, gave a hearty welcome to Sister Mrs. Godwin, who was married to Bandman H. Godwin by Brigadier Brnditt on Nov. 30th at Burnside.

Seal Cove, T. B.—Lieut. R. G. Smith is now leading on. Since his arrival here three souls have recently sought salvation. On December 12 Ensign Trask and five Bandmen were here. The music was really great, and the Ensign's words very effective.—W. F.

BRIGADIER HARGRAVE AT THE CAPITAL

Ottawa 1.—Brigadier Hargrave has just completed a week-end campaign in the No. 1 Citadel.

On Saturday a fine free-and-easy meeting was conducted, the Band turning out, as usual. Their music cheered and blessed us.

Sunday, from three drill till 10 at night the Brigadier kept forging ahead. Before conducting the afternoon's meeting, he went down to the Junior Hall, and encouraged the young folks. Oh, how the Sergeant-Major smiled when Santa Claus was mentioned.

On Sunday night an enrollment-of four converts, secured during our Ensign's command, took place.

On Tuesday an Officers' Council was presided over by the Brigadier, assisted by Staff-Captain Burr and Staff-Captain Burrows. Thirty Officers took part. At night a musical programme was given under the leadership of Bandmaster Harris. There were several seekers after salvation.—J. J. D.

WE WANT

YOUR VOTES.

For the

BANDSMEN'S COMPETITION,
in the Christmas Cry.

Also for the

SHORT-STORY COMPETITION,

Open to all readers

Remember, your vote will help someone to get

A TEN-DOLLAR BILL.

The Competition closes

on **JANUARY 17th.**

So send in your vote right away saying which Bandsman's story you liked best; also the one that gave you most pleasure in

THE SHORT-STORY COMPETITION

Send your Post-Card to the Editor at once.

CROWNED WITH SUCCESS.

Regina.—The revival is in full swing. On Nov. 28 we had Staff-Captain and Mrs. Coombs with us. We gave them a hearty welcome. The Band rendered valuable assistance. A large crowd listened to the address by Mrs. Coombs. Captain Hutchinson sang very effectively. The meeting was crowned with success by four sinners seeking salvation at the mercy-seat.

On December 4th one soul was saved in the Holiness Meeting, and at 10.30 at night another four came out.

On Dec. 12th four comrades were enrolled under the colours. Two more kneeling at the cross for salvation.

Our Junior work is growing. Men are getting saved at the jail.—Walter D. Payne.

A READABLE REVIEW FROM RIVERDALE

Prayers at Last Answered.

Riverdale.—On Sunday morning, Dec. 18th, a young man who had lost his once bright experience, boldly came to the penitential-form and got right with God. In the afternoon, Captain Dodd of T. H. Q., led an interesting meeting. Adjutant Burton led on at night, when the Hall was full. Those who took part in the meeting included Bandsman Martin, who recently celebrated the anniversary of his spiritual birthday, and Bandsmen Milne and Davis, who sang a duet. The Band played the latest selection, "Consolation." In the prayer meeting led by Sergt. Major Brown, a sister for whom many prayers had been offered, knelt at the mercy seat. Another sister made a fresh consecration of her life to God.

The sale of work recently held was a splendid financial success.

Popular Saturday nights are going fine and drawing good crowds.

The Corps Officers have arrangements well in hand for the helping of numbers of poor folk at this season. The new system of cartridge distribution comes in vogue at the commencement of the New Year. On Monday, Dec. 19th, the Juniors had their Christmas demonstration. (See Young Soldier for full report.)

CAPTAINS HALE AND MURDOCH AT THE FALLS

Niagara Falls, Ont.—Last Sunday Captain Nicholls had the pleasure of adding one more to the flock over which he is so good a shepherd. During the week-end commencing Saturday, Dec. 17, we had the pleasure of having Captains Hale and Murdoch as specials. Sunday especially was a season of great blessing to us. Captain Hale's addresses were appreciated by all, as was Captain Murdoch's cornet music. His solos were enjoyed by everyone, as were the vocal selections by Corps Cadet Nutting.

During the Sunday night meeting Captain Hale dedicated to God Brother and Sister Davis' baby boy. Our greatest joy, however, was realized when three Juniors took a stand for God. The whole Corps has a very cheerful aspect.—W. E. D.

SUCCESSFUL SALE OF WORK

Gurin.—On December 1st and 2nd we had a sale of work which realized the sum of eighty-two dollars. This sum goes toward a new Citadel that is very much needed here, and which we believe that Captain Cannan is going to have the honour of building. It was the first sale that the Army has ever had there, and now we are going to start right away to work for another one next year.

ENVOY BROWN AT SIMCOE.

We have had a splendid weekend at Simcoe. Envoy Brown conducted the meetings. The Holiness Meeting was a time of refreshing, when ten comrades gave themselves afresh to God. The thrilling life story of the envoy will never be forgotten. Three souls knelt at the Cross at night.—M. W.

T.H.Q. CHRISTMAS TREAT.

(Continued From Page Nine.) read a message from the Commissioner, who much regretted his inability to be present, and then commissioned Mrs. Staff-Captain Morris to bear to our departing leaders the assurances of continued love and sympathy. Mrs. Colonel Gaskin and Mrs. Col. Pugmire, who were absent through sickness, were also referred to. Colonel Bates of I. H. Q., who sat next to the Chief Secretary at the dinner tables, was greeted, and Lieut-Colonel Turner, Adjutant De-Bow, and Staff-Captain Morris warmly thanked for their splendid work in connection with the events of the day. Colonel Bates prayed for a blessing on all present and on the entire Army, and then the games were resumed until the moving pictures were thrown on the screen.

The arrival of Santa Claus and distribution of gifts to the children brought to a very happy finish one of the most enjoyable Christmas treats ever held on Territorial Headquarters.

A SALVATION FAMILY.

Bold Surrenders at the Temple. Toronto Temple.—We have had an enrollment. Two new Soldiers were enrolled, three recruits made, and other converts coming on later.

On Sunday Ensign Lewis gave a good holiness address. Before opening service we had two good spiritual meetings, one for the members of the Band and one for the soldiers, and also a glorious salvation meeting at night. Captain's Rickards and Adjutant Sheard spoke. Mrs. Kendall took the lesson. At the first invitation a father rose, came out and got saved. Some time ago his wife, son, and daughter got converted; now it is a salvation family. Next followed a comrade who stepped right off the platform. He had been an Officer, and felt the need of a public surrender. Another bright young man and ex-Lieutenant came out and gave themselves up to God and the Army. —Hallelujah at Straight-Edge.

Berlin.—Bro. and Sister Zender and family, of Bracebridge Corps, have been given a good welcome here. Already they have been made a blessing. They desire through the War Cry to thank the Officers and comrades of Bracebridge for their kindness in giving them a farewell tea.—L. K.

Adjutant Brown and his few soldiers at Channel, Nfld., have erected in the village a fine new Citadel, "which (says Colonel Gaskin, who recently visited Newfoundland) is a monument to their enterprise and industry."

Captain Madie Davis, who has been on the sick list for a considerable time, called at T. H. Q. a few days ago. We were glad to note at least some improvement in the Captain's condition.

Staff-Captain Critchton, at the close of a tour through certain parts of Quebec Province in the interests of immigration work, sailed for the Old Land by the Empress of Ireland. The Staff-Captain is a member of the party of Officers who during the next two or three months will do important immigration work in the Motherland.

THE SILVER JUBILEE.

(Continued From Page Seven.) famous Brighton riots when over ten thousand "toughs" known as the "skeleton army" drove the Corps bodily back into its hall for eight nights in succession, and finally demolished everything breakable in the new hall which had seating accommodation for 2,500 people. On that occasion the services of the police and military were requisitioned, and the Salvationists had to steal from the hall one by one in disguise in order to save their lives.

Some months later the family arrived in Winnipeg, and at once commenced holding open-air meetings, subsequently renting a hall at the corner of Main and Market streets. They were supported by many Christian people in the city, including George Waterson, Thomas Ryan, and Bro. McBain. In the month of September, the son, Frank, wrote a letter for his mother to General Booth, asking for Officers, and was referred to Commissioner Coombs, of Toronto, and the result was that the first party of Officers arrived in Winnipeg on December 12, 1885. Mr. and Mrs. Vinnall are now working for The Army in Tacoma, Wash. The latter is still selling War Crys, and takes an active part in the meetings.

The present year's advances are suggested by the following:

Organization of Y. P. Band of 30 pieces, with instruments all paid for, made by our own I. H. Q. factory and ordered especially. The Band played twice at the anniversary with great appreciation. The equipment cost about \$1,000.

Purchase of an Officers' Home in a lovely situation and quite convenient to the Citadel, at a cost of \$5,000. Two thousand dollars have already been paid on it, and the Home is practically newly furnished.

The enlarging of the young people's work. This branch of our operations has taken over the old Officers' Quarters for Sunday school work, and are getting on fine. This is meeting a long felt need, and the Y. P. workers appreciate it very much indeed.

A Corps Cadet Class of 20 has been formed, who meet regularly and do their lessons. This is a decided advance, and promises good things for the future of the Salvation Army in Winnipeg.

The organization of a lovely soldier brigade, which, though only a young Brigade, promises great things. Colonel Pugmire, complimenting them on his visit here, said it was as good singing as he had heard in Canada, and he should know.

55 hundred souls have been at the mercy-seat, and the soldiers' roll has increased by 25 per cent.

The Senior Band has purchased a new uniform, and have improved in numbers and in playing.

Our Self-Denial and H. F. target, which were \$1,150 and \$750, respectively, were reached, and first prizes taken for both the Christmas and Easter War Cry increase of sales.

And that is how the Salvation Army is going on in Winnipeg.

As showing the great interest in The Army's work evinced by those in higher circles, we may mention that Lady Sybil Grey, daughter of the Governor-General, was a visitor at our Ottawa Rescue Home the other day.

BASKETS FOR THE POOR.

(Continued from page 1.) collected, and Col. Chandler hopes to see the amount reach \$300 before to-night.

A Word of Cheer.

Before the reporter came away he was shown one of the cards that will be placed on the top of each basket of provisions. The card is as follows:

"Dear Friend.—The Salvation Army has much pleasure in presenting you with this basket of provisions, with the hope that it may bring a Merry Christmas to your home. If you are in any trouble during the coming year, do not be afraid to turn to us. If at any time you feel disposed to come to our services, you can rely upon a welcome. God bless you much.

"Yours in the Master's service.

"Lt.-Col. and Mrs. A. A. Chandler."

THE FINANCIAL SECRETARY

AT LONDON I.

Brig. Potter conducted the week-end meetings at London I. on Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 17 and 18. Staff-Captain Walton gave the Financial Secretary and his assistant, Captain Bonyne, a very hearty welcome on Saturday night. The lower Hall was well filled; the Band was present in good numbers.

On Sunday morning the Brigadier spoke on "Charity." In the afternoon he lectured on Japan. Lieut.-Col. Chandler who, like the Brigadier, has pleasant memories of Army warfare under the Stars and Stripes, made a very able chairman. He was assisted by Mrs. Chandler and Major McGillivray (the latter did good service all day). The senior hall was well filled. At night it was crowded. The Brigadier spoke on "The City of God." Captain Bonyne, who, by the way, held a Corps command in England in a division of which Colonel Chandler years ago had the charge, sang a solo by request. In the prayer meeting a young man voluntarily came to the mercy-seat for salvation.

WAR CRY ORDER INCREASED.

Alexander Bay, Nfld.—On Sunday, December 11th, while we were singing that old chorus "He Died for You" an ex-soldier came and again gave his heart to God. We recently had a half-night of prayer. In the next meeting two souls came forward and claimed pardon. Our Hall has been done up inside and out. The work reflects much credit on the soldiers and friends here. Our War Crys go like hot-cross buns. Our Weekly Crys have been increased, and also fifteen more put on Christmas Cry order.—Captain E. J. Oxford.

Adjutant Price recently paid Owen Sound a visit. She gave us some very interesting talks on the rescue work. The meetings were well attended.

Vancouver, No. 1.—The revival which commenced here two weeks ago is spreading. We recently had seventeen people out for salvation. The soldiers are full of zeal as "fishers," and their labours are being rewarded.—F. T. W.

The War Cry sympathizes with Ensign and Mrs. Rock, of Sherbrooke, Que., who have lost by death their little child.

A GOOD SOLDIER.

A Tribute to the Devoted Service of a Promoted Comrade.

Having but a few days ago heard of the promotion to glory of C. C. Guardian Mrs. Lewis of London I. Corps, I am impressed with the feeling that I must take this opportunity, of paying a tribute to her beautiful life of devotion to the cause of God and The Army. She was with us in the Corps during my first term in command there, and eight years later I found her still faithful at her post. She had a true out-and-out soldier's spirit. She was ever willing to share in the more responsible sides of the work, although she often expressed her own feelings of unfitness, but being Godly she was ever acceptable. "If you think I am fit I will do what I can for them," was her reply when asked to take up the work of training the Corps Cadets. Her testimony was ever a delight to hear, likewise her pleadings with God in prayer. She was also a wise counsellor, and anyone could profit by the advice that she gave, and I feel that the loss of such spirits as these are a great loss indeed to our Army. And who will fill up the gap made in the ranks by the promotion of Sister Mrs. Lewis?

May the hereafter relatives be comforted by the Divine One, is our prayer.—Staff-Capt. Goodwin.

PENITENT-FORM FILLED.

Prince Albert.—We recently had the pleasure of a week-end visit from Staff-Captain Arnold. On Sunday morning he conducted a meeting at the jail, and five men asked to be prayed for. The Holiness Meeting was a time of great blessing, and the penitent-form was filled with seekers after full salvation. Six claimed the blessing. Good crowds attended the afternoon and night meetings, and three souls sought salvation.—E. S. Honey.

MEETING IN JAIL CONDUCTED BY MAJOR McLEAN

Sydney, C.B.—Major McLean has again visited this Corps and conducted two splendid meetings in the Citadel and a third in the county jail. The men in the latter place listened court-room with his mother pleading very attentively to the Major's message, and were especially touched with the solo describing a boy in a court-room with his mother pleading for him. Three men held up their hands signifying their determination to lead a better life. One soul volunteered for salvation in the Sunday night service.—T. J. Neeks.

Fernie.—Last Sunday we had a glorious time. At night a grand meeting was held. The Band turned out at full strength, and played "The Saviour at the Door." Bandmaster Goodwin led on.

In his address at the opening of the new Citadel in Prince Rupert, Mayor Stork called attention to the fine picture of General Booth placed above the platform. He said that he felt sure the venerable Leader of this great Army would be pleased at the day's ceremony, and all it meant—"the opening of a splendid new Salvation Army Citadel in the pioneer City of the last best west of the British Empire."

The Sixty Palaces of the German Emperor.

THE Emperor William has so many residences that last summer, when he inaugurated with considerable pomp and ceremony another stately palace at Posen, built at a cost of more than three million dollars, people both in his own dominions and abroad were disposed to tax him with extravagance (says a writer in Munsey's). It was hinted that he had become afflicted with the building mania which has preyed upon so many monarchs. The great palace of Posen, however, was erected, not by the Kaiser,

The Royal Schloss in Berlin.

Very imposing by reason of its colossal grandeur is the Kaiser's Berlin residence, known as the Schloss, though it lacks the setting of a garden or of a park, its windows opening directly upon the street. This fact renders it difficult to protect with any degree of efficiency in these days of nitro-glycerine bombs and dynamite outrages. In the event of the mob again getting out of hand, the defence of the Schloss would require a very large body of troops—which goes far to explain the exceptional size of the Berlin garrison.

Down to the end of the seventeenth century, each Elector of

of the death of a member of the House of Hohenzollern.

Frederick William III. declined to inhabit the palace. His son, Frederick William IV., was compelled by the Berlin mob to stand bare-headed on one of its balconies to salute the corpses of the insurgents shot down by his troops in the rising of 1848. The present Kaiser has restored to its old place the sovereign's Berlin residence.

The Versailles of Prussia.

The palace which the Kaiser considers as being his home, more than any other, is undoubtedly the Neues Palais, or New Palace, at Potsdam, which was the summer residence of his parents throughout their married life, and in which he spent nearly all of his youth. "New Palace" is as misleading a title as that of New College at Oxford, for the building dates from the close of the Seven Years' War, in 1763.

Frederick the Great planned its

and commands a view of one of the most charming garden landscapes in all Germany. It is not a large room, but one is particularly struck by the air of perfect simplicity and comfort. A large writing-table in the centre is covered with official works of science, military, histories, and the like. While another, at the side, is devoted to maps of places of current interest. There are but few ornaments about, and of these the most conspicuous and characteristic are models of a Krupp gun and of a modern battle ship.

When the Emperor—the creator of the German navy—is talking to a visitor, he will sometimes let his pen run over his blotting-pad, tracing the hideously fantastic outline of the battleship of the future. His picture of a fight between torpedo-boats and iron-clads, which hangs on the wall, is distinguished as much by scientific accuracy of detail as by its dramatic force and vraisemblance. There are also some water-color souvenirs of Norway, and quite a number of battle pieces illustrative of Prussia's wars.

Occasionally, if the weather is fine, the Kaiser will take his work to a pretty little garden-house in the grounds, surrounded by a hedge, and paneled inside and out with majolica tiles. Over the entrance is called a horseshoe, and beneath it is inscribed this English quatrain, composed by the Empress Frederick:

This plot of ground I call my own,
Sweet with the breath of flowers,
With memories of pure delight,
And toil of summer hours.

The south side of the palace is left very much as it was in the time of Frederick the Great, its chief feature being a theatre with seating capacity for an audience of six hundred people. In one of the nearby apartments, which Frederick used as his sitting-room, there is a peculiar decoration. Across the ceiling, and over part of the walls, there extends a huge spider's web, painted in gold, in which are two flies and a spider. The explanation of this decoration is as follows:

Every morning Frederick the Great was accustomed to drink a cup of chocolate. One day he was engaged longer than usual at his writing-table, the chocolate meanwhile remaining untouched. Later, when he wished to drink it, he found that a large spider had let itself down from the ceiling into the cup. Not wishing to share his meal with the spider, the king poured the chocolate into the saucer, for his two greyhounds. These eagerly drank it, and were soon afterward seized with convulsions and died, displaying all the symptoms of poison.

The French cook was thereupon ordered under arrest, but he had heard of the death of the greyhounds and had cut his throat. It was discovered that the man had been bribed by an Austrian emissary to poison the Prussian king's chocolate. Frederick consequently looked upon the spider as having saved his life, and it was in memory of his narrow escape that he had the room decorated as it still is.

Continued on Page Fourteen.



The Royal Schloss, Berlin—This imposing structure, measuring six hundred and fifty by nearly four hundred feet, is the Berlin residence of the present Kaiser—On the right is the National Monument to his Grandfather, the Emperor William I.

but by the Prussian Government, and not for the sovereign's personal convenience, but for purely political purposes. The Province of Posen is on Prussia's eastern border-line, which would be the scene of the most important military operations in the event of war between Germany and Russia.

It is for this reason that a magnificent palace has been built at Posen, on a site dominating the city, and that one of the married princes of the reigning house is to maintain there a full-fledged court. Such means have been effective in popularizing the monarchy in other cities and provinces. The presence of a royal court promotes local prosperity by attracting other princes and princesses of the blood, nobles, rich families who are ambitious to join the aristocracy, and foreign visitors. On more than one occasion a petty German sovereign has brought the population of his capital to terms by threatening to remove his court elsewhere.

The number of the Kaiser's palaces is largely due to the fact that the Prussian monarchy has absorbed many minor German states, including the Kingdom of Hanover, the Duchy of Nassau, and the Electorate of Hesse-Cassel. All the palaces and castles of the rulers of these states thus passed into the possession of the reigning house of Prussia, as it was considered injudicious either to destroy or to sell them, for fear of impairing the popularity of Hohenzollern rule. Thus it is that the emperor is burdened with the possession of more than three-score residences, some of which he has never even seen, and many of which are totally unsuited for royal habitation. Although their maintenance entails a heavy drain upon his exchequer, they cannot, for political reasons, be either sold or leased.

Brandenburg made more or less extensive additions to the palace, and in 1698 Frederick I., the first King of Prussia, determined to replace the irregular pile that he had inherited with a structure of massive and majestic proportions. The work was begun by the Architect Schluter, but the gigantic scheme has never been carried out in its entirety, and the part of the building facing the river still retains its original form. Frederick the Great died in one of its six hundred rooms, expiring, according to tradition, immediately after seeing the legendary White Lady, by whom this palace of a thousand windows is said to be haunted. The specter is identified as that of the Countess Agnes Orlamunde, who murdered her husband and her two children in order to wed one of the early Electors of Brandenburg; and the story is that it always appears on the eve

of construction in a spirit of bravado, just to show his enemies that they had been as little able to exhaust his coffers as his courage. And when the royal philosopher had finished the New Palace—that is, new by comparison with Sans Souci, which was built before the war—he caused a crown of glory to be made, and fixed above its dome. The crown is supported by three completely undraped figures representing the Empress Elizabeth of Russia, the Empress Maria Theresa of Austria, and Mme. de Pompadour, who virtually ruled France—the three women whom the Prussian King regarded as his chief enemies. Adding injury to insult, he caused them to be perched up there aloft, upholding the crown of Prussia, with their backs turned to their respective countries.

The Kaiser's own "arbeitszimmer" or study, looks out upon the terrace,



The Neues Palais, or New Palace, Near Potsdam, Built by Frederick the Great in 1763-1769, and Now the Chief Summer Residence of the Emperor William II.

OUR INTERNATIONAL NEWS LETTER



New Workmen's Home in Tokyo.

An improved building with accommodation for fifty men has now been secured in place of our former cheap lodging house. At the opening meeting, Lieut.-Colonel Yamamuro reported on the work accomplished in the old building. During the four and a half years that it was open 27,400 men were sheltered there. The first inmate was brought to us from the police station by the police themselves, and, curiously enough, this was the very police station where a few years before Lieut.-Colonel Yamamuro and Major Yabuki were imprisoned for three and two days, respectively, showing what a change has come over the minds of the authorities as regards their attitude to The Salvation Army.

Mr. Nanae from the Home Office, and Mr. Tagawa, M.P., spoke. The latter said The Salvation Army was looking after the sick and wounded on the battlefield of life, and on behalf of the citizens of Tokyo he desired to thank them for what had already been accomplished, and to wish them good success in all their undertakings in the future.

The Lepers' Self Denial.

The Javanese and Chinese lepers, amongst whom we have a Corps in the Institution at Pelantonggan, are each allowed 5 1-2d a week by the Government as pocket money. Out of this small allowance they have voluntarily collected 13s 4d as a contribution to the Self-Denial Fund, the appeal for which is now being made in Java and the other East Indian Islands.

Progress in Korea.

Some of our Officers in Korea are making excellent progress with the difficult language. Captains Margaret Newsham and Florence Riley, who have been out nearly two years, are now able to give addresses in Korean in the Sunday morning women's meetings, and their efforts are very greatly appreciated by the women present.

Captains Herbert Lord and Arthur Byvester have been in the country

OFFICERS ASSEMBLED IN VANCOUVER, B.C., FOR THE ANNUAL CONGRESS OF THE PACIFIC PROVINCE.

rather less than a year, but special arrangements were made from the commencement for them to give the greater part of their time to language study, and as a result they are already able to conduct meetings and give short talks. They have now been appointed to look after three or four outposts within a few miles of Seoul, and are able to carry on the meetings themselves without the aid of interpreters.

Open-Air Meetings.

At the time of the annexation of Korea by the Japanese about three months ago all outdoor meetings in the City of Seoul were forbidden, and our open-air services had to be given up in consequence. The police, however, have now agreed to our resuming these meetings, much to the joy of our Korean soldiers and converts, who delight in the opportunity of testifying publicly about salvation before their unsaved neighbours and friends.

In Memory of Colonel Weerasooriya.

The venerable father of the late Colonel Weerasooriya, who is now 86 years of age, has decided to hand over to the Army a well-built school, together with two acres of coconut land, in memory of his beloved son who laid down his life for India's salvation a number of years ago. The place is situated about eight miles from the important town of Galle in the South of the Island of Ceylon. The old gentleman has happy recollections of the time when he entertained the General at his home during his brief visit to Ceylon some twenty years ago.

Dedications at Nagercoil.

Colonel Nuran (Case) recently performed at Nagercoil the dedication of the new wards which have been erected at the Catherine Booth Hospital, together with a house for the resident Medical Officer. A new

dormitory which has been built for the Boys' School, was also opened at the same time.

In connection with these meetings the Colonel likewise dedicated to God the fourth child of Major Daya Nasen (Dr. Turner), who is in charge of the hospital and the medical work in the neighbourhood.

Revival Campaign at Trivandrum.

A special campaign for souls has been conducted by Colonel Nuran and a party of Officers in the City of Trivandrum, where Ensigns Jiva Prakas and Jiv Oil (Pennick) have been labouring for some time past. In answer to prayer, the spirit of God was poured out in a wonderful way, and within eight days no fewer than 114 souls came to the mercy-seat, and a number of most definite cases of conversion took place amongst both high and low caste people. Souls were so earnestly seeking the face of God that it was impossible to close the meetings at the usual time, and they were several times continued until after midnight. Our comrades are overjoyed at this wonderful manifestation of God's saving power.

An Indian Woman's Self-Denial Sacrifice.

Major Prema Bala (Mrs. Costley), who is a Divisional Officer in Gujarat, states that at the close of a meeting which she conducted in one of the villages, a lonely widow, who is one of our soldiers, brought forward Rs 2 1-4 (75c), and placed the money in the Major's hand, as her self-denial offering.

This is indeed a very large sum for an Indian woman to give, and the Major asked whether she could really afford such a large amount. She replied: "Major, I have worked hard to put by this money for God, so He must have it. Do please take it." What a wonderful example of the regenerating power of the Gospel of Christ on the heathen mind!

Advances in Holland.

The recently-formed Territorial Staff Band is now getting into its stride, and is forming a great attraction wherever it goes. Assiduous practice has brought it on musically, and the fact that souls are often saved in the Campaigns is a healthy sign.

The usual Autumn Appeal has just been completed, the proceeds being over £3,000, a gratifying increase over last year.

The re-opening of renovated and refitted Halls at Utrecht, Enschede, and Rotterdam IV, brings the total of such schemes completed during the past three years up to ninety. Commissioner Ridsdel is to be heartily congratulated on this achievement.

THE FOREIGNER'S TESTIMONY.

In a Meeting in Jail.

Prince Albert, Sask.—In the absence of our Officers the comrades turned up well to every meeting outside and inside the Hall. One soul was saved. On Saturday and Sunday we were led by the treasurer and secretary from Saskatoon. These comrades visited the men in the prison on Sunday morning.

On Friday Sisters Honey and Warr held a meeting for women in the prison. Many were in tears, and four hands were raised for prayer, and some who could not speak English pointed upwards and laid their hand on their heart, trying to explain that they had received a blessing through the meeting.

War Cry sold out.—E. S. Honey, War Correspondent.

FAREWELL AND WELCOME.

Three Sisters Get Saved.

Tilt Cove.—On Nov. 13th a large crowd attended the farewell meeting of Adjutant and Mrs. Oxford, who have laboured here for the past two years. The Adjutant erected a new Citadel during his stay, which is a credit to the place.

We have welcomed Captain Thiley and Lieutenant Walls.

On Sunday night three Sisters wept the way to the Cross.—C. O.

APPOINTMENTS.

Ontario. Served in the South African War. Mother is dying, and would like to see her boy before she passes away. Brother enquires. (See photo.)

Scripture Texts, Mottoes, Xmas Cards, Calendars, etc., etc.

OUR Stock has just recently been augmented with several New Lines. We have pleasure in calling attention to some of the following:



No. 260. "As thy Days."

Size 8 by 5½. A six-page upright Turnover Calendar, with fine Floral Designs. Embossed Title Page. Monthly Calendar in clear figures. Specially selected Texts. Corded to hang.

No. 261. "Another Year."

Size 8 by 5½. A six-page upright Turnover Calendar, with Floral and Landscape Designs. Monthly Calendar in clear figures. Embossed Title Page. Selected Texts with verses by Mercedes Rivolta. Corded to hang.

No. 262. "In His Footsteps."

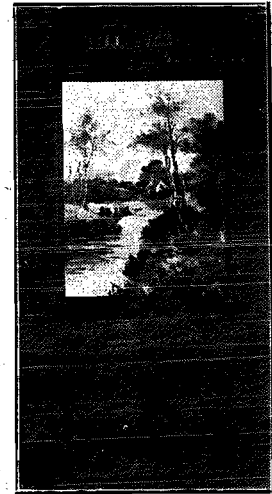
Size 8 by 5½. A six-page oblong Turnover Calendar, with beautiful Floral Designs in Dark Tinted Panels. Embossed Title Page. Monthly Calendar in clear figures. Selected Texts and specially written verses by F. M. Newbitt. Corded to hang.

No. 270. "Green Pastures."

Size 12¼ by 6½. An Artistic Calendar on new Art Boards, with Title and Motto Text. Embossed in White, with fine Bromide Pictures in Panel. Monthly date Pad with a Text for each month. Corded to hang.

No. 270. "Still Waters."

Size 12¼ by 6½. An Artistic Calendar on new Art Board with Title and Motto Text Embossed in Gold, with fine Bromide Pictures in Panel. Monthly Pad with a Text for each month. Corded to hang.



25 cents each, p.p.

Bandsman Companion.

No. 4. Being a Series of Instrumental Solos, Trios, and Quartettes.

No. 5. Instrumental Quartettes and Quintets.

No. 6. Instrumental Duets, Quartettes, Quintets, and Sextets.

No. 7. Piano Pieces. " " " "

15 cents. per copy, post paid.

Bandsmen's Lyre Pins.

0 10

Music Pouches and Belts.

Black Leather, blue stitched "Exhibition," with Crest \$1 00
White Web Belt 75

Bandmasters' Batons.

Regulation Pattern 2 75
Three Silver Mounts Special

Songster Leaders' Badges. 0 15

Songsters' Badges. 0 15

First Aid to the Injured. 0 35

Service of Song.

From Pit to Palace doz. 0 35
Eugen. Gens " 0 30
Life in Lumber Camp " 0 25

PAMPHLET.

Recitations and Dialogues.

Suitable for S.A. Senior Demonstrations, and Musical Festivals.
per copy 0 05

The Trade Secretary, 18 Albert St., Toronto, Ont.

PRELIMINARY NOTICE.

The New Commissioners of Canada and Newfoundland Commissioner and Mrs. Rees

will be officially welcomed
to this Territory at a :: ::

GREAT WELCOME RALLY

IN THE TEMPLE

:: :: On THURSDAY, JANUARY 19th. :: ::

THE CHIEF SECRETARY in Command.

Further Particulars Next Week.

Salvation Songs

Holiness.

Tunes.—Congress 26 C & Eb; Grimsby, 33; Song-Book, No. 465.

1 O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home!

Under the shadow of Thy throne
Still may we dwell secure;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure!

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our guard while life shall last,
And our perpetual home!

Tune.—"I Am Clinging to the Cross,"
37; Song-Book, No. 409.

2 For Thee dear Lord, my spirit
longs,
With earnest, strong desire;
I seek Thee now with all my heart,
I'm waiting for the fire.

I'm clinging to the cross.

None else my soul can satisfy,
Or give the rest I seek;
Thy voice, O Lord, I wait to hear,
Now to Thy servant speak.

O Lord, in willingness of love
I'll tread the cross-bound way;
'Tis fellowship with Thee I crave,
To serve Thee and obey.

Free and Easy.

3 In the fight, say, does your heart
grow weary?
Do you find your path is rough and
thorny,
And above the sky is dark and
stormy?

Never mind, go on!
Lay aside all fear, and onward press-
ing,
Bravely fight and God will give His
blessing.

Though the war at times may prove
distressing,
Never mind, go on!

When the road we tread is rough.

When downhearted look away to
Jesus,
Who for you did shed His blood most
precious,
Let us say, though all the world
should hate us:

Never mind, go on!
Do your best in fighting for your
Saviour,
For His sake, fear not to lose men's
favor.

If beside you should a comrade waver,
Never mind, go on!

"Oh, What Battles," 107.
Oh what battles I've been in,
And what conflicts I have seen,
But in darkness as in brightness,
He is mine;
Oh, what mocking and what shame
I can suffer for His name,
For in glory as the stars He'll
make me shine!

Washed in the blood white as
snow,

Oh, what mighty, wondrous love
Brought my Saviour from above,
On the cross to shed His blood and
die for me!

So I'll serve Him with my might,
In His service I'll delight.

For the blood from sin's dark bond-
age sets me free.

Salvation.

Tunes.—"For You I Am Praying,"
227; Song-Book, No. 20.

5 I HAVE a Saviour,
He's pleading in Glory,
A dear, loving Saviour,
Though earth friends be few,
And now He is watching
In tenderness o'er me,
And Oh! that my Saviour—
Were your Saviour too!

For you I am praying.

When Jesus has found you,
Tell others the story,
That my loving Saviour
Is your Saviour too!
Then pray that your Saviour
May bring them to Glory,
And prayer will be answered—
'Twas answered for you!

Tunes.—"Haste Away to Jesus," 36;
Song-Book, No. 146.

6 The angel of the Lord shall
stand,
While thousand thunders roar,
And swear by Heaven's eternal
throne
That time shall be no more:
The earth and everything therein
Shall melt with fervent heat,
Will have their God to meet.

Haste away to Jesus—

When once the Judgment day is
passed,
'Twill be in vain to pray:
Wherever then your lot is cast,
For ever you must stay.
Oh, awful thought! When time's no
more,
This is God's firm decree:
In happiness or woe you'll dwell
Through all eternity!

SPECIAL NOTICE.

ARE you or your friends contem-
plating a sea voyage? If so, YOU
will be well advised to consult us
as to Sailings, Rates, etc. We are
agents for all the leading Steamship
Lines: C.P.R., Allan, White Star-
Dominion, C.N.R., "Royale," and Domi-
nion Line. These companies have sail-
ings every few days. Passengers meet
on arrival at ports of embarkation
and landing. Specially conducted par-
ties from the Old Country sailing fre-
quently to Canada. Advice freely
given, correspondence solicited. Full
particulars supplied on application to
Brigadier Morris, Albert St., To-
ronto; Staff-Captain Jennings, Box
477, Halifax, N.S.; Major Hay, 22 St.
Alexander St., Montreal, Que.; Ad-
jutant Tudge, Rupert St., Winnipeg,
Man.; or Staff-Captain W. J. Wake-
field, 301 Hastings St., East Van-
couver, B.C.

PLEASE NOTE.

Any Soldiers unattached to Corps in
British Columbia or Alaska, kindly
communicate with Major Morris, 301
Hastings St. E., Vancouver, B.C., or
anyone knowing of such Soldiers,
please send full information and ad-
dress of same.

WANTED—STENOGRAPHERS.

There are a few vacancies at Head
quarters, Toronto, for young women
who are qualified Shorthand and
Typists. Children of Officers or Sol-
diers are at liberty to apply. Write to

THE CHIEF SECRETARY,
80 Albert St., Toronto.